ROBERT
· BURNS ·
BORN
1759
DIED
1796
·FIRST· ·EDITION
·PVBLISHED·
1786·

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS

Edited by

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ M.A.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/songsofrobertbur0000unse_a8t4

Mrs Burns
and one of her grandchildren.

·MDCCCXCVIII·PUBLISHED·BY·J·M·DENT·
·AND·CO: ALDINE·HOUSE·LONDON·E·C·

Contents

Songs

	PAGE
Handsome Nell	1
O Tibbie, I hae seen the Day	2
I dream'd I lay	4
In the Character of a ruined Farmer	4
Montgomerie's Peggy	5
Here's to thy Health	6
The Lass of Cessnock Banks	7
Bonie Peggy Alison	9
Mary Morison	10
Fickle Fortune	11
Raging Fortune	11
No Churchman am I	12
My Father was a Farmer	13
The Rigs o' Barley	15
Composed in August	16
My Nanie O	18
Green grow the Rashes	19
O leave Novels	20
The Mauchline Lady	21
One Night as I did wander	21
Rantin, Rovin Robin	21
Young Peggy blooms	23
Farewell to Ballochmyle	24
Her Flowing Locks	24
For a' that	25
The Rantin Dog, the Daddie o't	26
Here's his Health in Water	26
Composed in Spring	27
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?	28
My Highland Lassie, O	29
The Farewell	30
Farewell to Eliza	31

PAGE

The Lass o' Ballochmyle 32
The Night was still 33
Farewell Song to the Banks of Ayr . . 34
Masonic Song 35
Yon Wild Mossy Mountains 35
Rattlin, Roarin Willie 36
Bonie Dundee 37
The Bonie Moor-hen 38
My Lord a-hunting 39
A Bottle and Friend 40
Hey, ca' thro' 40
The Birks of Aberfeldy 41
Strathallan's Lament 42
Castle Gordon 43
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky 44
Theniel Menzies' Bonie Mary . . . 44
The Bonie Lass of Albany 45
Blythe was she 46
A Rose-bud by my early Walk . . . 47
The Banks of the Devon 47
Braving angry Winter's Storms . . . 48
My Peggy's Charms 49
The Young Highland Rover 49
Love in the Guise of Friendship . . . 50
Go on, Sweet Bird 51
Clarinda, Mistress of my Soul . . . 51
I'm o'er Young to Marry yet . . . 52
To the Weavers gin ye go 53
M'Pherson's Farewell 54
Stay my Charmer 55
My Hoggie 55
Raving Winds around her blowing . . 56
Up in the Morning early 56
How Long and Dreary is the Night . . 57
Hey the Dusty Miller 57
Duncan Davidson 58
The Lad they ca' Jumpin' John . . . 59
Talk of him that's far awa' 59
To daunton me 60
The Winter it is past 61
The Bonie Lad that's far awa' . . . 61

PAGE

The Chevalier's Lament 62
Tho' cruel Fate should bid us part 63
Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw 63
I hae a Wife o' my ain 64
Anna, thy Charms 65
A Mother's Lament 65
The Day Returns 66
O, were I on Parnassus Hill 66
The Fall of the Leaf 67
I reign in Jeanie's Bosom 68
It isna, Jean, thy bonie Face 68
Auld Lang Syne 69
My Bonie Mary 70
Robin shure in Hairst 70
Sweet Afton 71
She's Fair and Fause 72
Beware o' Bonie Ann 73
The Gard'ner wi' his Paidle 73
On a Bank of Flowers 74
Young Jockie was the blythest Lad . . . 75
The Banks of Nith 76
Jamie, come try me 76
I love my Love in secret 77
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar 77
The Captain's Lady 78
John Anderson, My Jo 78
My Love she's but a Lassie yet 79
Tam Glen 79
Carle, an' the King come 81
The Laddie's dear sel' 81
Whistle o'er the Lave o't 82
My Eppie Adair 83
Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut 83
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes 84
The Blue-eyed Lassie 85
Highland Harry back again 86
The Battle of Sherramuir 86
The Braes o' Killiecrankie 89
Awa', Whigs, awa' 89
A Waukrife Minnie 90
The Captive Ribband 91

	PAGE
Come, let me take thee to my Breast	158
Dainty Davie	158
Robert Bruce's March to Bannockburn	159
Behold the Hour, the Boat arrive	160
Down the Burn, Davie	161
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie	161
Where are the Joys I have met?	162
Deluded Swain, the Pleasure	162
Thine am I, my faithful Fair	163
My Spouse Nancy	164
Wilt thou be my Dearie?	165
A Fiddler in the North	165
The Minstrel at Lincluden	166
A Red, Red Rose	167
Young Jamie, Pride of a' the Plain	168
The Flowery Banks of Cree	169
The Lovely Lass o' Inverness	169
Charlie, he's my Darling	170
Bannocks o' Bear Meal	171
The Highland Balou	171
The Highland Widow's Lament	172
It was a' for our Rightfu' King	173
On the Seas and Far Away	174
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes (Second Version)	176
Sae Flaxen were her Ringlets	177
Pretty Peg	178
Esteem for Chloris	178
Saw ye my Dear, my Philly	179
How Lang and Dreary is the Night	179
Inconstancy in Love	180
The Lover's Morning Salute	181
The Winter of Life	182
My Chloris, mark how green the Groves	182
The Charming Month of May	183
Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks	184
Philly and Willy	185
Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair	187
Farewell thou Stream	187
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?	188
My Nanie's awa'	189
The Tear-drop	190

PAGE

For the Sake o' Somebody 190
A Man's a Man for a' that 191
Craigieburn Wood 192
Bonie Peg-a-Ramsay 193
There was a Bonie Lass 193
Wee Willie Gray 193
O aye my Wife she dang me 194
Scroggam, my Dearie 194
Gude Ale keeps the Heart aboon 195
O steer her up an' haud her gaun 195
O let me in this ae Night 196
I'll aye ca' in by yon Town 197
O wat ye wha's in yon Town 198
The Cardin o't, the Spinnin o't 199
The Lass o' Ecclefechan. 200
The Cooper o' Cuddy 201
The Lass that made the Bed to me 201
Had I the Wyte? She bade me 204
Does Haughty Gaul Invasion threat? . . . 205
Address to the Woodlark 206
On Chloris being Ill 207
How Cruel are the Parents 207
Mark yonder Pomp of Costly Fashion . . . 208
'Twas na her Bonie Blue E'e 209
Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtle 210
Forlorn, my Love, no Comfort near . . . 210
Why, why tell the Lover 211
The Braw Wooer 212
This is no my ain Lassie 213
O Bonie was yon Rosy Briar 214
Now Spring has clad 215
O that's the Lassie o' my Heart 216
News, Lassies, News 217
Crowdie ever mair 218
Mally's Meek, Mally's Sweet 218
Jockey's taen the Parting Kiss 219
A Lass wi' a Tocher 220
O lay thy Loof in mine, Lass 221
A Health to ane I loe dear 221
O wert thou in the Cauld Blast 222
Fairest Maid on Devon Banks 222

Early and Minor Pieces; Fragments, Epigrams and Epitaphs

	PAGE
Tragic Fragment	227
The Tarbolton Lasses	207
The Ronalds of the Bennals	228
Winter: A Dirge	230
A Prayer under Violent Anguish	231
Paraphrase of the First Psalm	232
The First Six Verses of the Nineteenth Psalm	233
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death	234
Stanzas, on the Same Occasion	234
Apostrophe to Fergusson	235
I'll go and be a Sodger	236
Ah, Woe is Me	236
Remorse—A Fragment	237
Epitaph on Wm. Hood	237
Epitaph on James Grieve	238
Epitaph on Wm. Muir	238
Epitaph on my Ever Honoured Father	238
Epitaph on a Noisy Polemic	239
Epitaph on a Henpecked Country Squire	239
Epigram on the Said Occasion	239
Another	239
Epitaph on Tam the Chapman	240
Epitaph on John Rankine	240
Reply to an Announcement	241
The Belles of Mauchline	241
Epitaph on John Dove, Innkeeper	242
Epitaph for James Smith	242
Elegy on Robert Ruisseaux	242
A Mauchline Wedding	243
Suppressed Stanzas of 'The Vision'	245
Inscribed on a Work of Hannah More's	247
Versified Reply to an Invitation	248
To John Kennedy	248
To Mr M'Adam	250
To Gavin Hamilton	251
Epitaph for Gavin Hamilton, Esq.	252

PAGE

Epitaph on Wee Johnie 252
Epitaph for Robert Aiken, Esq. 253
Note to Dr Mackenzie 253
Stanzas on Naething 253
The Farewell 255
The Calf 256
Motto prefixed to the Author's First Publication 257
Lines to Mr John Kennedy 258
Lines to an old Sweetheart 258
Lines written on a Banknote 258
Willie Chalmers 259
Prayer.—O Thou Dread Power 260
Fragment on Sensibility 261
To Miss Logan 261
Extempore in the Court of Session . . 262
Inscription for the Headstone of Fergusson . 263
Epigram at Roslin Inn 263
Epigram addressed to an Artist . . . 263
To Miss Isabella Macleod 264
Passion's Cry 264
Verses for a noble Earl's Picture . . . 265
Prologue for Mr Woods 266
The Book-worms 268
On Elphinstone's Translation of Martial . 268
On Johnson's Opinion of Hampden . . 268
Lines on Miss Burns 268
Epitaph for William Nicol 268
Epitaph for Mr William Michie . . . 269
Epigram to Miss Ainslie in Church . . 269
Note to Mr Renton of Lamerton . . . 269
Epigram to Miss Jean Scott 269
The Bard at Inverary 270
On the Death of John M'Leod 270
To Miss Ferrier 271
Impromptu on Carron Iron Works . . . 272
Written on a Window at Stirling . . . 272
Reply to the Threat of a Critic 272
The Libeller's Self-reproof 273
Written in the Inn at Kenmore 273
Lines on the Fall of Fyers 274

PAGE

On Parting with a Host in the Highlands . 275
To Miss Cruickshank 275
Epitaph for William Cruickshank . . . 276
Sylvander to Clarinda 276
Verses to Clarinda 278
To Alexander Cunningham 278
In Friars Carse Hermitage 279
At Whigham's Inn 280
Versicles on Sign-posts 280
Pegasus at Wanlockhead 281
On William Creech 281
On William Smellie 282
The Poet's Progress 282
Reply to Captain Riddell 284
Lines to Captain Riddell 284
Lines to John M'Murdo 285
A New Psalm 285
A Grace before Dinner 287
A Grace after Dinner 287
Sonnet on Receiving a Favour . . . 287
Extemporaneous Effusion 288
Lines to a Gentleman 288
To Peter Stuart 290
On Robert Muir 290
I Murder hate 290
The Raptures of Folly 291
Politics 291
Reply to an Invitation 291
Grace before Meat 291
Grace after Meat 291
The hen-pecked Husband 292
On Marriage 292
A Sonnet upon Sonnets 292
Verses on Captain Grose 293
Epigram on Captain Grose 294
Prologue spoken at Dumfries Theatre . 294
Elegy on Willie Nicol's Mare . . . 296
Scots Prologue for Mrs Sutherland . . 296
Sketch for an Elegy 298
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child . 299
Lines to Sir John Whitefoord . . . 300

PAGE

Epigram on Miss Davies 300
Lines on Fergusson 301
Elegy on Miss Burnet 301
New Year's Day 302
On Glenriddell's Fox 304
To the Shade of Thomson 306
To William Stewart 307
Epigram at Brownhill Inn 308
The Toad-eater 308
Divine Service at Lamington 308
The Keekin-glass 308
Epistle to John Maxwell 308
The Rights of Woman 309
Epigram on Miss Fontenelle 311
On some Commemorations of Thomson . . 311
On hearing a Thrush in January . . . 312
The true loyal Natives 313
On Commissary Goldie's Brains . . . 313
Lines in a Lady's Almanac 313
On the Commemoration of Rodney's Victory . 313
Kirk and State Excisemen 314
Lines on John M'Murdo, Esq. 314
Epitaph on a Lap-dog 315
Epigrams against the Earl of Galloway . . 315
Epigram on the Laird of Laggan . . . 316
On Mrs Riddell's Birthday 316
Spoken by Miss Fontenelle 317
To Miss Graham of Fintry 318
Epigram on Maria Riddell 319
Remorseful Apology 319
Pinned to Mrs Walter Riddell's Carriage . 319
Epitaph for Mr Walter Riddell . . . 320
Monody on a Lady 320
On the Death of Robert Riddell . . . 321
Epitaph on a Noted Coxcomb 322
On Captain Lascelles 322
On Wm. Graham, of Mossknowe . . . 322
On John Bushby, of Tinwald Downs . . 323
For a National Victory 323
In Vain would Prudence 323
To Dr Maxwell 323

PAGE

To the beautiful Miss Eliza J—n . . . 324
On Chloris 324
To William Maule 324
On seeing Mrs Kemble in Yarico . . . 324
Epigram on a Country Laird 325
On being shewn a beautiful Country Seat . 325
On hearing it asserted Falsehood, etc. . . 325
On a Suicide 325
On a swearing Coxcomb 326
On an Innkeeper 326
On Andrew Turner 326
The solemn League and Covenant . . . 326
Compliments to John Syme of Ryedale . . 327
Inscription on a Goblet 327
Apology for declining an Invitation to Dine . 327
Epitaph for Mr Gabriel Richardson . . 327
Epigram on Mr James Gracie . . . 328
Inscription at Friar's Carse Hermitage . . 328
Inscription for an Altar of Independence . 328
Inscription to Chloris 328
Complimentary Versicles to Jessie Lewars . 329
Inscription to Miss Jessy Lewars . . . 330
Lines on the Author's Death 331

SONGS OF

ROBERT BURNS

HANDSOME NELL

First love

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."

O once I lov'd a bonie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw:
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

A bonie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e;
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

Haughty Tibbie

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY

Tune—"Invercauld's Reel or Strathspey."

Chor.—O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stour;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

When coming hame on Sunday last,
Upon the road as I cam past,
Ye snufft and ga'e your head a cast—
But, trowth, I care't na by.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

Money and Merit

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice:
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

There lives a lass beside yon park,
I'd rather hae her in her sark,
Than you wi' a' your thousand mark;
That gars you look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

Blighted hopes

I DREAM'D I LAY.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed:
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me—
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me—
I bear a heart shall support me still.

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUINED FARMER

Tune—"Go from my window, Love, do."

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retirèd to rest,
While here I sit, all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and woe:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempests blow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The ruined farmer

There lies the dear partner of my breast;
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low?
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet babies in her arms;
No anxious fear their little hearts alarms;
But for their sake my heart does ache,
With many a bitter throe:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest:
I once could relieve the distrest:
Now life's poor súpport, hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
How welcome to me were the grave!
But then my wife and children dear—
O, whither would they go?
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn,
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn?
For, in this world, Rest or Peace
I never more shall know:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY

Altho' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie;
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Montgomerie's Peggy

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready;
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,—
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH

Here's to thy health, my bonie lass,
Gude nicht and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me,
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee,
Nae time hae I to tarry:
I ken thy friens try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee,
Depending on some higher chance,
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
For I'm as free as any he;
Sma' siller will relieve me.

Cessnock Banks

I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it;
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And, aye until ye try them,
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care;
They may prove as bad as I am.
But at twal' at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee;
For the man that loves his mistress weel,
Nae travel makes him weary.

THE LASS OF CESSNOCK BANKS

A SONG OF SIMILES

Tune—"If he be a Butcher neat and trim."

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mien;
Our lasses a' she far excels,
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

A Song of similes

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist,
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een.

BONIE PEGGY ALISON

Tune—"The Braes o' Balquhidder."

Chor.—And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again:
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near
I evermair defy them, O!
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O!

Mary Morison

I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

And by thy een sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stour,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Fortune's frowns

FICKLE FORTUNE

Though fickle Fortune has deceived me
(She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill),
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
But if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

RAGING FORTUNE

O raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O!
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O!

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!

NO CHURCHMAN AM I

A big-bellied bottle

Tune—"Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the tavern let's fly."

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesmen nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse:
But see you the *Crown* how it waves in the air?
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE

A start in life

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true Brother of the Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

Tune—"The weaver and his shuttle, O."

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming, O;
My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education, O:
Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted Fortune's favour, O;
Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate each endeavour, O;
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd, sometimes by friends forsaken, O;
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O.

Cheerful resignation

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion, O:
The past was bad, and the future hid, its good or ill untrièd, O;
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to befriend me, O;
So I must toil, and sweat, and moil, and labour to sustain me, O;
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me early, O;
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for Fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber, O:
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in his palace, O,
Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted malice, O:
I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther, O:
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour, I earn a little money, O, A Lammas night
Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon me, O;
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd folly, O:
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther, O:
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

Tune—"Corn Rigs are bonie."

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie;
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The Rigs o' Barley

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;

Autumn scenes

The moorcock springs on whirring wings
  Among the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
  Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
  To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,
  The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
  The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
  The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
  The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
  The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine,
  Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
  Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
  The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
  Thick flies the skimming swallow,
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
  All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
  And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
  And ev'ry happy creature.

My Nanie, O

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

MY NANIE, O

Tune—"My Nanie, O."

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artful wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true;
As spotless as she's bonie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

Amang the lasses

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by;
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

A FRAGMENT

Chor.—Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

Rob Mossgiel

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

O LEAVE NOVELS

Tune—"Donald Blue."

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel;

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress, A Mauchline lady
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

THE MAUCHLINE LADY

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye.

But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,
Not dreadin anybody,
My heart was caught, before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

One night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root;
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the trees.

RANTIN, ROVIN ROBIN

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Rantin, rovin Robin

Chor.—Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,
Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.
Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof:
I think we'll ca' him Robin."
Robin was, &c.

"He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a'.
He'll be a credit till us a':
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."
Robin was, &c.

"But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee! Robin."
Robin was, &c.

"Guid faith," quo' scho, "I doubt you, sir,
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessins on thee, Robin!"
Robin was, &c.

YOUNG PEGGY BLOOMS

Young Peggy

Tune—"Loch Eroch-side."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning pow'rs to lessen;
And fretful Envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her!
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her!

Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

FAREWELL TO BALLOCHMYLE

Farewell to Ballochmyle

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang:—
"Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!"

"Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!"

HER FLOWING LOCKS

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast her bonie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner!

FOR A' THAT

The Fair Sex

Tho' women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift, and turn, an' a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist—
A consequence I draw that.

Chor.—For a' that, an' a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
The bonie lass that I lo'e best
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, an' a' that;
A bonie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that?
For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that,
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft.
They've taen me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's—'The Sex!'
I like the jads for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

The Daddie o't

THE RANTIN DOG, THE DADDIE O'T

Tune—"Whare'll our guidman lie."

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the faut;
O wha will buy the groanin maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

Tune—The Job of Journey-work."

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fauter;
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water.
O wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie's he could flatter;

Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter:
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water!

Spring and Sorrow

COMPOSED IN SPRING

Tune—"Jockey's Grey Breeks."

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues:
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

Chorus.—And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life's to me a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

To the Indies

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And o'er the moorlands whistles shill:
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

Come winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging, bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still, &c.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

Tune—"Will ye go to the Ewe-Bughts, Marion."

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

Highland Mary

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O

Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Chorus.—Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right guid will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea!
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

A Farewell to the

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret troth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O,

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON

Tune—"Goodnight, and joy be wi' you a'."

Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu;
Dear brothers of the *mystic tie!*
Ye favourèd, *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my social joy;
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba';
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light:*

Masonic Brethren

And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes, when far awa.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Design*,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* Divine,
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And *you*, farewell! whose merits claim
Justly that *highest badge* to wear:
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request permit me here,—
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard that's far awa*.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA

Tune—"Gilderoy."

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

The Lass o' Ballochmyle

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,—
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE

Tune—"Ettrick Banks."

'Twas even; the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her hair like Nature's vernal smile:
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
"Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!"

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night is autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:

But woman, Nature's darling child! Irvine's bairns
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotia's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil;
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL

The night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa';
Sae merrily they danced the ring
Frae e'enin' till the cock did craw;
And aye the o'erword o' the spring
Was 'Irvine's bairns are bonie a'.'

The banks of Ayr

FAREWELL SONG TO THE BANKS OF AYR

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'red coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!

Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! Masonic song
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

MASONIC SONG

Tune—"Shawn-boy," or "Over the water to Charlie."

Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation,
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honourèd station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the *ton* of your fashion;
A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

"Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border;
Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order:—
Within this dear mansion, may wayward Contention
Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter;
May Secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly Love be the centre!"

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

The moorland lassie

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE

O, RATTLIN, roarin Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle
And buy some other ware;

Fiddling Willie

But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e—
And, rattlin, roarin Willie
Ye're welcome hame to me!

"O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O, sell your fiddle sae fine!
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!"
"If I should sell my fiddle,
The warld would think I was mad;
For monie a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had."

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannilie keekit ben;
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was sittin at yon boord-en';
Sittin at yon boord-en',
And amang gude companie;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

BONIE DUNDEE

"O, WHAR gat ye that hauver-meal bannock?"
"O silly blind body, O, dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.

"O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee:
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,
And send him hame to his babie and me.

The bonie moor-hen

"My blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessins upon thy bonie e'e-brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer, and dearer to me!

"But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;
An' I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear."

THE BONIE MOOR-HEN

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

Chorus.—I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men,
I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men;
Take some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet-brushing the dew from the brown heather bells
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring
And O! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing.
I rede you, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill;

He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae— Colin's
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where Jenny
she lay.
I rede you, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.
I rede you, &c.

* * * * *

MY LORD A-HUNTING

Chorus—My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkenet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher-gude;
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My lady's gown, &c.

Present enjoyment

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to mak him blest.
My lady's gown, &c.

A BOTTLE AND FRIEND

"There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man,
Fal, la, la," &c.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

HEY, CA' THRO'

Up wi' the carls o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

Chorus.—Hey, ca thro', ca' thro', **At Aberfeldy**
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
An' we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies tae spend,
An' we hae pints to bring.
Hey, ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
An' spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' thro', &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Tune—"The Birks of Abergeldy."

Chorus.—Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy!

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

A lost cause

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws—
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

Thickest night, surround my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave!
Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of Right engagèd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
But the Heavens denied success,
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us.
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend.

CASTLE GORDON

Gordon Castle

Streams that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There immixed with foulest stains
From Tyranny's empurpled hands;
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil;
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood:
Life's poor day I'll musing rave
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonie Castle Gordon.

The honest alewife

LADY ONLIE, HONEST LUCKY

Tune—"The Ruffian's Rant."

A' THE lads o' Thorniebank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

Chorus—Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean
I wat she is a daintie chuckie;
And cheery blinks the ingle-gleed
O' Lady Onlie, honest luckie.
Lady Onlie, &c.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONIE MARY

Air—"The Ruffian's Rant," or *Roy's Wife*.

IN comin by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonie Mary.

Chorus.—Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, &c.

Jacobite hopes

We lap an' danc'd the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay
For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, &c.

THE BONIE LASS OF ALBANY

Tune—"Mary's Dream."

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
An' the bonie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
That rulèd Albion's kingdoms three,
But oh, alas! for her bonie face,
They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there is a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany.

Euphemia Murray

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
The time may come, with pipe an' drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

BLYTHE WAS SHE

Tune—"Andro and his Cutty Gun."

Chorus—Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She trippèd by the banks o' Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK

The Rosebud

A Rose-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet Rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

Tune—"Bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh."

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!

A native flower

But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose:
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament for Abercairny."

Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!

The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

Peggy's charms

MY PEGGY'S CHARMS

Tune—"Tha a' chailleach air mo dheigh."

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit Age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace, so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway?
Who but knows they all decay?

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER

Tune—"Morag."

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over.

Love and friendship

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon!

The trees, now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies, dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing;
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon.

LOVE IN THE GUISE OF FRIENDSHIP

Talk not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe;
He bound me in an iron chain,
And plung'd me deep in woe.

But friendship's pure and lasting joys,
My heart was form'd to prove;
There, welcome win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
O why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny?

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

GO ON, SWEET BIRD, AND SOOTHE MY CARE

Farewell to Clarinda

Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair;
Thy plaintive warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly thro' my aching heart.
Now choose thy mate and fondly love,
And all the charming transport prove;
While I a love-lorn exile live,
Nor transport or receive or give.

For thee is laughing Nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day;
For me in vain is Nature drest,
While Joy's a stranger to my breast.
These sweet emotions all enjoy;
Let Love and Song thy hours employ!
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair.

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL

Clarinda, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

"I'm o'er young"

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise!

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

Chorus.—I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir,
And you an' I in ae bed,—
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud an' shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO

The weaver's doings

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang;
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.

Chorus.—To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weaver's gin ye go;
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.
To the weaver's, &c.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.
To the weaver's, &c.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.
To the weaver's, &c.

The moon was sinking in the west,
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.
To the weaver's, &c.

The cateran's death

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel!
To the weaver's, &c.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL

Tune—"M'Pherson's Rant."

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright, "My Hoggie"
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

STAY MY CHARMER

Tune—"An gille dubh ciar-dhubh."

Stay my charmer, can you leave me!
Cruel, cruel to deceive me;
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill-requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

MY HOGGIE

What will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie;
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembled for my Hoggie.

Isabella's grief

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie!

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING

Tune—"M'Grigor of Roro's Lament."

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring—

"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.

"Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Chorus—Up in the morning's no for me, **Hours of absence**
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's, &c.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary!

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you my dearie:
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER

Hey, the dusty Miller,
And his dusty coat,
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat:

Duncan's wooing

Dusty was the coat,
  Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
  That I gat frae the Miller.

Hey, the dusty Miller,
  And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
  Fills the dusty peck:
Fills the dusty peck,
  Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
  For the dusty Miller.

DUNCAN DAVISON

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
  And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
  They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
  Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
  And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
  A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
  And aye she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
  That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinning-graith,
  And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house, Jumpin John
And we will live like king and queen;
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And aye be welcome back again!

THE LAD THEY CA' JUMPIN JOHN

Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad,
Forbidden she wadna be:
She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd,
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

Chorus.—The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty gude shillins and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass wi' the bonie black e'e.
The lang lad, &c.

TALK OF HIM THAT'S FAR AWA

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

January and May

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whispering spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

TO DAUNTON ME

The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

Chorus.—To daunton me, to daunton me,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes, **True lovers parted**
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e;
That auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa!

The absent lover

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' glooves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he ga'e me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

O weary Winter soon will pass,
And Spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT

Air—"Captain O'Kean."

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are numbered by care?
No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice? "Of a' the airts"
A king and a father to place on his throne!
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
But 'tis not my suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your faith proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,—
Alas! I can make it no better return!

THO' CRUEL FATE SHOULD BID US PART

Tune—"The Northern Lass."

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart,
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie li
The lassie I lo'e be

Independence

There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between:
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll take Cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie Cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody!
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a gude braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
[illegible]y cares for me,
[illegible]r naebody.

ANNA, THY CHARMS

A mother's lament

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of heaven.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow.
Now, fond, I bare my breast;
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

Wedded bliss

THE DAY RETURNS

Tune—"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet:
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

O were I on Parnassus hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! The coming of winter
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee,
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By Heaven and Earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame:
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then—I'd love thee!

THE FALL OF THE LEAF

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year!

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain,
How little of life's scanty span may remain,
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn,
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

The lover's throne

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
Life is not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

I REIGN IN JEANIE'S BOSOM

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom!

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me,
Kings and nations—swith awa'!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Nor shape that I admire;
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire.

Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find,
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than, if I canna make thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.

Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

Auld lang syne

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

The warrior's toast

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

MY BONIE MARY

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready:
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody;
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST

Chorus—Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him.
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I GAED up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden,
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin;
Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick,
An' me the Eller's dochter!
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Guse-feathers and a whittle!
Robin shure, &c.

Sweet Afton

SWEET AFTON

FLOW gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

Fair and False

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam' in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But Woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind;
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O Woman lovely, Woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN

Bonie Ann

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan:
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man:
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonie Ann!

THE GARD'NER WI' HIS PAIDLE

Tune—"The Gardener's March."

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry bards are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

Willie and Nelly

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare;
Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS

On a bank of flowers on a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued;
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lip, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dyed the rose;
The springing lilies, sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton kissed her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light-waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace;

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, Young Jockie
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspirèd wings,
So Nelly starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs;
But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd,
He found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

YOUNG JOCKIE WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD

Young Jockie was the blythest lad,
In a' our town or here awa;
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma';
An' aye my heart cam to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockie toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw:
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.

The Banks of Nith

An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a';
An' aye he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

THE BANKS OF NITH

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Comyns ance had high command.
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here!

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where bounding hawthorns gaily bloom;
And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom.
Tho' wandering now must be my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

JAMIE, COME TRY ME

Chorus.—Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me,
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me!
Jamie, come try me, &c.

Tibbie Dunbar

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me!
Jamie, come try me, &c.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET

My Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

Chorus.—My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe
To thee I dare na show,
Yet I love my love in secret, my
Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;
He took a hauf, and gied it to me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.
My Sandy O, &c.

SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say that thou'lt hae me for better or waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

John Anderson

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

Chorus.—O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready,
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.
O mount and go, &c.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O mount and go, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:

Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Love and liquor

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

Chorus—My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her O!
I rue the day I sought her O!
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he has bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Gae seek for pleasure whare you will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife;
He could na preach for thinkin o't.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

Tam Glen

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller—
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen!

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen!

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten';
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written "Tam Glen"!

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

CARLE, AN THE KING COME

The rightful King

Chorus.—Carle, an the King come,
Carle, an the King come,
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carle, an the King come.

An somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And every man shall hae his ain,
Carle, an the King come,
Carle, an the King come, &c.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse;
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carle, an the King come.
Carle, an the King come, &c.

Coggie, an the King come,
Coggie, an the King come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom
Coggie, an the King come.
Coggie, an the King come, &c.

THE LADDIE'S DEAR SEL'

There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity
That he from our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd witha',
An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.

His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue,
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.

"The lave o't"

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted an' braw;
But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

There's Meg wi the mailen that fain wad a haen him,
And Susie, wha's daddie was laird o' the Ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
But the laddie's dear sel', he loes dearest of a'.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

First when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air,
Now we're married—speir nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave o't!
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child—
Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't!
Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

MY EPPIE ADAIR

Three merry boys

Chorus.—An' O my Eppie, my jewel, my Eppie,
Wha wad na be happy wi' Eppie Adair?

By love, and by beauty, by law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to my Eppie Adair!
By love, and by beauty, by law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to my Eppie Adair!
And O my Eppie, &c.

A' pleasure exile me, dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee, my Eppie Adair!
A' pleasure exile me, dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee, my Eppie Adair!
And O my Eppie, &c.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

Chorus.—We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

A rustic wooing

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three.
We are na fou, &c.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

Chorus—Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad:
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly."
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"I was bred up in nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
An' a' the day to sit in dool,
An' naebody to see me."
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, Bonnie blue eyes
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
An' ye sall be my dearie."
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' thee, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie."
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie."
Ca' the yowes, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd;
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.

A Highland exile

But "spare to speak, and spare to speed;"
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue.

HIGHLAND HARRY BACK AGAIN

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

Chorus—O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.
O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR

Tune—"The Cameronian Rant."

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle see, man?"

Battle of Sheriff-muir

I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.
La, la, la, la, &c.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.
La, la, la, la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant True-blues, man:
In lines extended lang and large,
When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted dows, man!
La, la, la, la, &c.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;

A doubtful victory

I saw mysel, they did pursue,
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
And mony a huntit poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"
La, la, la, la, &c.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man;
Their left-hand general had nae skill;
The Angus lads had nae gude will
That day their neibors' blude to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.
La, la, la, la, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man!
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man,
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
But mony bade the world gude-night;
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew off in frighted bands, man!
La, la, la, la, &c.

THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE

At Killiecrankie

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?

Chorus.—An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the Devil an' Dundee,
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

AWA' WHIGS, AWA'

Chorus.—Awa' Whigs, awa'!
Awa' Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,
An' wither'd a' our posies.
Awa' Whigs, &c.

Traitor Whigs

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't!
An' write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
Awa' Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing:
The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,
An' we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa' Whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day when Royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!
Awa' Whigs, &c.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE

WHARE are you gaun, my bonie lass,
Whare are you gaun, my hinnie?
She answered me right saucilie,
"An errand for my minnie."

O whare live ye, my bonie lass,
O whare live ye, my hinnie?
"By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie."

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
To see my bonie lassie;
And lang before the grey morn cam,
She was na hauf sae saucie.

The lover's hostage

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawin!
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brocht her;
And wi' a meikle hazel rung
She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bonie lass,
O fare thee well, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay an' a bonie lass,
But thou has a waukrife minnie.

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND

Tune—"Robaidh dona gorach."

Myra, the captive ribband's mine,
'Twas all my faithful love could gain;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain?

Go, bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim.

The ribband shall its freedom lose—
Lose all the bliss it had with you,
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace;
And at its fortune if you grieve,
Retrieve its doom, and take its place.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Highland hills

Tune—"Failte na Miosg."

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Chorus.—My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN A HECKLE

Tune—"The bob o' Dumblane."

O MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,
An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon;
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Love for Anna

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie;
O come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
An' blest be the day I did it again.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinnie bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the East and West
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me, within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take wi' Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting God of Day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk Star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!

Tavern pleasures

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
(Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn a' ;)
And bring an angel-pen to write
My transports with my Anna !

POSTSCRIPT

The Kirk an' State may join, an' tell
To do sic things I maunna :
The Kirk an' State may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
To live but her I canna ;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

GUDEWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light ;
Gude ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the risin sun.

Chorus.—Then gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen ;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool
That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,
And ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.
Then gudewife, &c.

The feeling heart

POEM ON SENSIBILITY

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou alas ! hast known too well !

Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray ;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate in the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys ;
But alas ! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow :
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME

By yon Castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey :
And as he was singing, the tears doon came,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

When the King comes

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu'auld dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

OUT OVER THE FORTH

Out over the Forth, I look to the north;
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.

But I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I loe best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

THE BANKS O' DOON

FIRST VERSION

Sweet are the banks, the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,

And everything is blythe and glad,
But I am fu' o' care.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true:
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause luver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!

THE BANKS O' DOON

SECOND VERSION

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough!

Ye Banks and Braes

Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause luver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

THE BANKS O' DOON

THIRD VERSION

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by Bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine:
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luver staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The despairing lover

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD

Sweet closes the ev'ning on Craigieburn Wood,
And blythely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride o' the spring in the Craigieburn Wood
Can yield me nought but sorrow.

[*Chorus.*—Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee!
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!]

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
I daur na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie;
But oh, what will my torment be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

Bonie wee thing

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee,
Beyond thee, &c.

THE BONIE WEE THING

Chorus.—Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel it should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine,
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonie wee thing, &c.

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonie wee thing, &c.

THE CHARMS OF LOVELY DAVIES

Tune—"Miss Muir."

O how shall I, unskilfu' try
The poet's occupation?

Lovely Davies

The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration,
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning:
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore
When winter-bound the wave is,
Sae droops our heart, when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances;
The man in arms 'gainst female charms
Even he her willing slave is,
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme
Her feeble powers surrender:
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour.
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

An old husband

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin to eenin,
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,—
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous o' a' the young fellows,—
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!

THE POSIE

O luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will doun yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The lover's posie

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The gallant weaver

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE GALLANT WEAVER

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant Weaver.
O, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant weaver.

YOU'RE WELCOME, WILLIE STEWART

Chorus.—You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art!

Lovely Polly Stewart

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it;
The tappet hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart.
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &c.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
Ilk action, may he rue it,
May woman on him turn her back
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &c.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART

Chorus.—O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art!

The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart!
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR

Tune—"Lass, an I come near thee."

"Wha is that at my bower-door?"
'O wha is it but Findlay!'

Findlay's visit

"Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here:"
'Indeed maun I,' quo' Findlay;
"What mak' ye, sae like a thief?"
'O come and see,' quo' Findlay;
"Before the morn ye'll work mischief:"
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

"Gif I rise and let you in"—
'Let me in,' quo' Findlay;
"Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din:"
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay;
"In my bower if ye should stay"—
'Let me stay,' quo' Findlay;
"I fear ye'll bide till break o' day:"
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

"Here this night if ye remain"
'I'll remain,' quo' Findlay;
"I dread ye'll learn the gate again:"
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.
"What may pass within this bower"—
'Let it pass,' quo' Findlay;
'Ye maun conceal till your last hour:"
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

JOHNIE LAD, COCK UP YOUR BEAVER

[When first my brave Johnie lad came to the town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!]

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, **Faithless Eppie**
We'll over the border, and gie them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!

MY EPPIE MACNAB

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
Whate'er thou hast dune, be it late, be it sune,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She let's thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab!
As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

ALTHO' HE HAS LEFT ME

Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

Wooing for wealth

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hinny he'll cherish the bee,
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY, TAM

Chorus.—An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane an' twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
An' then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

A glieb o' lan', a claut o' gear, **A lover's pleading**
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie! there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

THOU FAIR ELIZA

Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
Ae kind blink before we part;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Can'st thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
If to love thy heart denies,
Oh, in pity hide the sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, sweet maid, hae I offended?
My offence is loving thee;
Can'st thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;

Bonie Bell

Not the Minstrel, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

MY BONIE BELL

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear:
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonie Bell.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME

The noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big Terreagles' towers,
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't.

The exile's woes

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

Tune—"Carron Side."

Frae the friends and land I love
Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight:
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore.
Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,
Bring our banished hame again;
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas, and win his ain.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;

A parcel of rogues

Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

YE JACOBITES BY NAME

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your faults I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law,
by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law?

What is Right, and what is Wrang? Cumberland's reward
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang, for to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi' bluidy war?

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state,
Then let your schemes alone, in the state.
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone, to his fate.

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN

I HAE been at Crookieden,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Viewing Willie and his men,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.
There our foes that burnt and slew,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
There, at last, they gat their due,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

Satan sits in his black neuk,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.
The bloody monster ga'e a yell,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

"Kenmure's on and awa"

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa:
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine!
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie;
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But sune, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa!
And here's the flower that I loe best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

THE SONG OF DEATH

The dying warriors

Tune—"Oran an aoig."

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim King of Terrors! thou Life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our King and our country to save;
While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands,—
O who would not die with the brave?

O MAY, THY MORN

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
As the mirk night o' December!
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.

The parting kiss

And here's to them that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum!
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er 'em!
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER

Tune—"Rory Dall's Port."

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! Farewell to Nancy
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT, ARRIVE

Behold the hour, the boat, arrive!
My dearest Nancy, O fareweel!
Severed frae thee, can I survive,
Frae thee whom I hae lov'd sae weel?

Endless and deep shall be my grief;
Nae ray of comfort shall I see,
But this most precious, dear belief,
That thou wilt still remember me!

Alang the solitary shore
Where flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wishful eye.

"Happy thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path shall be!
While thro' your sweets she holds her way,
O tell me, does she muse on me?"

THOU GLOOMY DECEMBER

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember—
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

"My native land"

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Anguish unmingled, and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

MY NATIVE LAND SAE FAR AWA

O SAD and heavy, should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,—
My native land sae far awa.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That formed this Fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert!
Like mine for her sae far awa;
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh, she is sae far awa!

Nane other love, nane other dart
I feel but her's sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair, sae far awa.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR

Fair and fickle

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speakthy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy.

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

Chorus—The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae puir pund o' tow.
The weary pund, &c.

Laird and lassie

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low;
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.
The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!"
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brak it o'er my pow.
The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't!
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, &c.

WHEN SHE CAM' BEN SHE BOBBED

O WHEN she cam' ben she bobbed fu' law,
O when she cam' ben she bobbed fu' law,
And when she cam' ben, she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne she denied she did it at a'.

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
In leaving the daughter of a lord,
And kissin a collier lassie an a'!

O never look down, my lassie, at a',
O never look down, my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou has nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou has nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handiwark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

The collier laddie

MY COLLIER LADDIE

"O, WHARE live ye, my bonie lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye?"
"My name," she says, "is mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier laddie."
My name, she says, &c.

"O, see you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
They a' are mine, &c.

"And ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie."
And ane to wait, &c.

"Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.
I wad turn my back, &c.

"I can win my five pennies in a day,
An' spend it at night fu' brawlie:
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.
And make my bed, &c.

Willie's wife

"Love for love is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier laddie!"
And the warld before me, &c.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Could stown a clue wi' ony body:
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

"My bonie laddie's young"

Auld Baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN

O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the Castle wa',
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower amang them a',
My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

"O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet,
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet."

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie and bloomin' and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

Kelly Burn Braes

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen,
But far better days I trust will come again;
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

KELLY BURN BRAES

There lived a carl in Kelly Burn Braes,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
He met with the Devil, says, "How do you fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint,"
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"For, savin your presence, to her ye're a saint,"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,"
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil and the woman

"O welcome most kindly!" the blythe carl said,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme:
Syne bade her gae in for a bitch, and a whore,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme:
Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa',
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin us a'!"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime;

The Virginian slave

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n, but in hell,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
And to her auld husband he's carried her back,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I hae been a Deevil the feck o' my life,"
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more:
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

"Can ye labour lea?"

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O:
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia,-ginia, O:
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

O CAN YE LABOUR LEA?

Chorus.—O can ye labour lea, young man,
O can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye came again:
Ye'se never scorn me.

I FEE'D a man at Michaelmas,
Wi' airle-pennies three;
But a' the faut I had to him,
He could na labour lea,
O can ye labour lea, &c.

O clappin's guid in Febarwar,
An' kissin's sweet in May;

"A paidlin body"

But what signifies a young man's love,
An 't dinna last for aye ?
O can ye labour lea, &c.

O kissin is the key o' luve,
And clappin is the lock ;
An' makin o's the best thing yet,
That e'er a young thing gat.
O can ye labour lea, &c.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE

The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
"The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O !"
"The fien-ma-care," quo' the feirrie auld wife,
"He was but a paidlin body, O !
He paidles out, and he paidles in,
An' he paidles late and early, O !
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O."

"O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O haud your tongue, now Nansie, O :
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wad na been sae donsie, O.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddl'd me late and early, O ;
But downa-do's come o'er me now,
And och, I find it sairly, O !"

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN

The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,

And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun, The Exciseman's dance
I wish you luck o' the prize, man."

Chorus.—The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
He's danced awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.
The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance ere came to the land
Was "The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman."
The deil's awa, &c.

THE COUNTRY LASS

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea
And roses blaw in ilka bield!
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel
Says—"I'll be wed, come o't what will."
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild;
"O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben;

A love-match

There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Take this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire."

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me;
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu'-han't is fechtin best;
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy;
We may be poor—Robie and I—
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love brings peace and joy—
What mair hae Queens upon a throne?"

BESSY AND HER SPINNIN WHEEL

O LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;

The spinning-wheel

Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en;
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal,
O leeze me on my spinnin-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirring o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessie at her spinnin-wheel?

Bonie Lesley

NO COLD APPROACH

No cold approach, no altered mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart.

LET LOVE SPARKLE

Let love sparkle in her e'e;
Let her lo'e nae man but me;
That's the tocher-gude I prize,
There the lover's treasure lies.

SAW YE BONIE LESLEY

O saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects, we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say—"I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

I'LL MEET THEE ON THE LEA RIG

The Lea Rig

When o'er the hill the e'ening star
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O;
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun;
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher takes the glen
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:

A winsome wee thing

Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

Air—"My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing."

Chorus.—She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I NEVER saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine,
She is a winsome, &c.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
She is a winsome, &c.

HIGHLAND MARY

Tune—"Katherine Ogie."

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie:
There Simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;

Highland Mary

For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden Hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But O, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD ROB MORRIS

There's Auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the King o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men;

Auld Rob Morris

He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lass, his dautie and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction nae words can express.

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule-night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan Gray

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his e'en baith blear't an' blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and Chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
"Shall I like a fool," quoth he,
"For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!"
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick, as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings:
And O! her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling Pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Political verses

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
May never gude luck be their fa'!
It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true;
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be but sma'!
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and Tyranny tine i' the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norlan' laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to them that wad read,
Here's freedom to them that wad write,
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa!

Here's to Maitland and Wycombe, let wha doesna like 'em
Be built in a hole in the wa';
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that is sound at the core;
And may he that wad turn the buff and blue coat
Be turn'd to the back o' the door. **Love and poverty**

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw;
Here's friends on baith sides o' the firth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
And wha wad betray old Albion's right,
May they never eat of her bread!

POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wrack my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Chorus—O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

The warld's wealth, when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o't;
My curse on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

Galla Water

Her e'en, sae bonie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate!
He woos his artless dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make him eerie.
O why, &c.

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow-braes,
They rove amang the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth, Lord Gregory
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure:
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

LORD GREGORY

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for sake o' thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou bolt of Heaven that flashest by,
O, wilt thou bring me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see;
But spare and pardon my fause Love
His wrangs to Heaven and me.

Wandering Willie

WANDERING WILLIE

First Version

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e;
Now welcome the Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

WANDERING WILLIE

Revised Version

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

"O, open the door"

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O

O, OPEN the door, some pity to shew,
If love it may na be, O.
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
O, open the door to me, O.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, O:
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, O.

The wan Moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, O:
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees the pale corse on the plain, O:
"My true love!" she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, O.

LOVELY YOUNG JESSIE

Lovely young Jessie

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young JESSIE seek Scotia all over;
To equal young JESSIE you seek it in vain,
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young JESSIE,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger;
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

MEG O' THE MILL

First Version

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?
A dram o' guid strunt in the morning early,
And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly.

Miller and Laird

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?
The priest he was oxter'd, the clark he was carried,
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was married.

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
The groom gat sae fou', he fell awald beside it,
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded.

MEG O' THE MILL

Second Version

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
She's gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdifu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the gude fellow, and taen the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin,
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

The Soldier's return

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

Air—"The Mill, Mill, O."

When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
And ay I mind't the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger."

A happy ending

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge—the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him who made yon sun and sky!
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor:

Dumourier's desertion

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

ON GENERAL DUMOURIER'S DESERTION FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLICAN ARMY

You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier:
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you,
By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till Freedom's spark be out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR

The last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling:

A hopeless passion

Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain, my crime would cover:
Th' unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But O, Maria, hear my prayer,
For Pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fear no more had sav'd me:
The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors yields at last
To overwhelming ruin.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL

Tune—"The Quaker's Wife."

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me;
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Logan Braes

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN BRAES

Tune—"Logan Water."

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride,
And years sin syne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun:
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie Winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears o' joy:
My soul, delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush:
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile;

The lover's wishes

But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae be to you, Men o' State,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR

Air—"Hughie Graham."

O WERE my love yon Lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By Autumn wild, and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel a drap o' dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'!
O there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light!

Bonie Jean

THERE WAS A LASS

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk or market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And aye she wrought her country wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!

As in the bosom of the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling pure was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean.

And now she works her country wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.

The dawn of love

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'ening on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR

Tune—"Robin Adair."

While larks, with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Viewing the breathing Spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
"Such thy bloom!" did I cry,
"Phillis the fair."

Phillis the fair

In each bird's careless song,
Glad I did share;
While yon wild-flowers among,
Chance led me there!
Sweet to the op'ning day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
"Such thy bloom!" did I say,
"Phillis the fair."

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE

Tune—"Robin Adair."

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the wave's dashing roar:
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind, can'st thou declare
All thy fond, plighted vows fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury;
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

BY ALLAN STREAM

Allan Stream

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
An' thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
"O, my love Annie's very bonie!

"O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking said, 'I'm thine for ever!'
While mony a kiss the seal imprest—
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever."

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
The Summer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery thro' her short'ning day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD

Chorus.—O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle an I'll come to ye, my lad,

"Whistle an' I'll come"

Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin to me,
And come as ye were na comin to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
O whistle and I'll come, &c.

PHILLIS THE QUEEN O' THE FAIR

Tune—"The Muckin o' Geordie's Byre."

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Chorus.—Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties, Queen of the fair
They never wi' her can compare,
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
"Thou emblem," said I, "o' my Phillis"—
For she is Simplicity's child.
Awa' wi' your belles, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa' wi' your belles, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.
Awa' wi' your belles, &c.

Her voice is the song o' the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa' wi' your belles, &c.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting!
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa' wi' your belles, &c.

Dainty Davie

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder,
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur.
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus, in my arms, wi' a' her charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy e'en sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

DAINTY DAVIE

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in the happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Chorus.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear Dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',

The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

As purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Nancy in the Indies

Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, the darling of my heart;
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But Fate has will'd and we must part.
I'll often greet the surging swell,
Yon distant Isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
"Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!"

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE

The forsaken maid

As down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale:
With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary—"Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE

Tune—"Fee him, father, fee him."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever:
Aften hast thou vow'd that Death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken!

Departed joys

WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET

Tune—"Saw ye my father."

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild-woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair,
No more I trace the light footsteps of Pleasure,
But Sorrow and sad-sighing Care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly Winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long, too well have I known;
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, and griefs are immortal,
Nor Hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE

Tune—"The Collier's Dochter."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure;
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee:

Lovely Nancy

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The cloud's uncertain motion,
They are but types of Woman.

O art thou not ashamèd
To doat upon a feature?
If Man thou wouldst be namèd,
Despise the silly creature.
Go, find an honest fellow,
Good claret set before thee,
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory!

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR

Tune—"The Quaker's Wife."

Thine am I, my faithful Fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure!
What is life when wanting Love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

Wedded strife

MY SPOUSE NANCY

Tune—"My Jo Janet."

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife
Yet I am not your slave, Sir."
"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it Man or Woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good-bye, allegiance!"
"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart, then break it must,
My last hour I am near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think how you will bear it."
"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

"Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you!"

"I'll wed another like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."

"Be my dearie"

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE

Tune—"The Suitor's Dochter."

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When Sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul—
That's the love I bear thee—
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie!
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me!
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

A FIDDLER IN THE NORTH

Tune—"The King o' France he rade a race."

Among the trees, where humming bees,
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O:

Scottish music

'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspeys, and Reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O:
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws an' queer "ha, ha's,"
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,
Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner, aughteen year awa',
He fir'd a Fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

THE MINSTREL AT LINCLUDEN

Tune—"Cumnock Psalms."

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flow'r scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

Chorus.—A lassie all alone, was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our
honour's gane an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.
A lassie all alone, &c.

An unfinished tale

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.
A lassie all alone, &c.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.
A lassie all alone, &c.

Now, looking over frith and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd,
When lo! in form of Minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
A lassie all alone, &c.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to hear;
But O, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
A lassie all alone, &c.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said—it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.
A lassie all alone, &c.

A RED, RED ROSE

O my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

"A red, red rose"

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
And fare-thee-weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN

Tune—"The Carlin of the Glen."

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless King of Love.

But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and breirs;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves:—

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear.

"The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornful Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair."

The Banks of Cree

THE FLOWERY BANKS OF CREE

HERE is the glen, and here the bower
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has tolled the hour;
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear;
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little, faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en to morn she cries "alas!"
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e.

"Drumossie moor, Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!

The young Chevalier

For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growin green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou has made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!"

CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

Chorus—An' Charlie, he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie, he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonie lass
The window looking through.
An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in.
An' Charlie, &c.

Highland lullaby

He sets his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawlie weel he ken'd the way
To please a bonie lass,
An' Charlie, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
An' down yon scroggie glen,
We daur na gang a milking,
For Charlie and his men,
An' Charlie, &c.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL

Chorus—Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!

Wha, in a brulyie, will
First cry a parley?
Never the lads wi' the
Bannocks o' barley,
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha, in his wae days,
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi' the
Bannocks o' barley!
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

THE HIGHLAND BALOU

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha gat my young Highland thief.

The Highland widow

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder!
Harry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT

O, I am come to the Low Countrie,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide,
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the Clan,
Sair, sair, may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine.

"For our rightfu' king"

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell,
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon! O Donald, oh!
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the warld wide,
Sae wretched now as me.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore.

On distant seas

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night and weep.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY

Tune—"O'er the hills and far away."

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

Chorus.—On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun,
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun;

A prayer for peace

Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless, midnight hour
When Winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother Man to meet,
And as brother kindly greet;
Then may heav'n with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

In Clouden's woods

Second Version

Chorus.—Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

Hark the mavis' e'ening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels, spreading wide,
O'er the wàves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and Heav'n sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near;
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS

Her dearest charm

Tune—" Oonagh's Waterfall."

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing e'en o' lovely blue;
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first that bonie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion,
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky:
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her fautless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And still my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show, at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve and rising moon,

Love and Esteem

Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

PRETTY PEG

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,
When day was waxin weary,
Wha did I meet come down the street,
But pretty Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, an' shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands we took the sands,
Adown yon winding river;
And O, that hour and shady bower,
Can I forget it? Never!

ESTEEM FOR CHLORIS

Ah, Chloris, since it may not be,
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare—
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Faithless Philly

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

SAW YE MY DEAR, MY PHILLY

Tune—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

O saw ye my dear, my Philly?
O saw ye my dear, my Philly,
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new Love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she my dear, my Philly?
What says she my dear, my Philly?
She lets thee to wit she has thee forgot,
And forever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

Chorus.—For O, her lanely nights are lang!
And O, her dreams are eerie;
And O, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie!

Man's inconstancy

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary:
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!
For oh, &c.

INCONSTANCY IN LOVE

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

Let not women e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not women e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad thro' Nature's range,
Nature's mighty Law is change,
Ladies, would it not seem strange
Man should then a monster prove!

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise;
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS

A morning ode

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hazel bowers
Its lay the linnet pours;
The laverock to the sky
Ascends, wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of Beauty's light—
When thro' my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then—'tis then I wake to life and joy!

Age and Youth

THE WINTER OF LIFE

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day;
Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa;
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of Age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh, Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain:
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again!

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES

Tune—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Rural happiness

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY

Tune—"Daintie Davie."

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Chorus.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The lovers' seasons

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

Tune—"Rothiemurchie's Rant."

Chorus—Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
Lassie wi' the, &c.

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing wood-bine bower,
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray, **Philly and Willy**
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

PHILLY AND WILLY

Tune—"The Sow's tail to Geordie."

He. O Philly, happy be that day,
When roving thro' the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.
She. O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.
Both. For a' the joys that gowd can gie,
I dinna care a single flie;
The {lad / lass} I love's the {lad / lass} for me,
And that's my ain dear {Willy. / Philly.}

He. As songsters of the early year,
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

"The lad I love"

She. As on the brier the budding rose,
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.
She. The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery Spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy,
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor
Upon the lips o' Philly.
She. The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When ev'ning shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.
She. What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I dinna care a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTIE WI' MAIR

Light-hearted content

Tune—"Lumps o' Puddin'."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats and an auld Scottish sang.
Chorus—Contented wi' little, &c.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But Man is a soger, and Life is a faught;
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.
Contented wi' little, &c.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Contented wi' little, &c.

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come Ease, or come Travail, come Pleasure or Pain,
My warst word is: "Welcome, and welcome again!"
Contented wi' little, &c.

FAREWELL THOU STREAM

Air—Nansie's to the greenwood gane."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling;

The hopeless lover

O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor can'st relieve me;
But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus, aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last,
In overwhelming ruin.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATIE

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

Chorus—Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?

"My Nanie's awa"

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katie!
Canst thou leave me, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!
Thou mayst find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, my Katie,
Canst thou leave me, &c.

MY NANIE'S AWA

Tune—"There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes;
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

THE TEAR-DROP

Forsaken and friendless

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang Joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd;
But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were—where happy I hae been—
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis' e'e.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

My heart is sair—I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody!
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Rank and merit

Tune—"For a' that."

Is there for honesty poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!

Human brotherhood

For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' Spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And Care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

BONIE PEG-A-RAMSAY

Bonie Peg-a-Ramsay

CAULD is the e'enin blast,
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
An' dawin it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule.

Cauld blaws the e'enin blast,
When bitter bites the frost,
And, in the mirk and dreary drift,
The hills and glens are lost:

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONIE LASS

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear;
Till War's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh, and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

WEE WILLIE GRAY

Tune—"Wee Totum Fogg."

WEE Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket;

The woes of wedlock

The rose upon the breir will be him trews an' doublet,
The rose upon the breir will be him trews an' doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and gravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME

Chorus—O aye my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith! she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

On peace an' rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried.
O aye my wife, &c.

Some sairie comfort at the last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O aye my wife, &c.

SCROGGAM, MY DEARIE

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam;
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen;
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, Scroggam ; Bare, but
The priest o' the parish he fell in anither ; happy
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, Scroggam ;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither ;
Sing auld Cowl, lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

GUDE ALE KEEPS THE HEART ABOON

Chorus—O gude ale comes and gude ale goes ;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon !

I HAD SAX owsen in a pleugh,
And they drew a' weel eneugh :
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon !
O gude ale comes, &c.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon !
O gude ale comes, &c.

O STEER HER UP AN' HAUD HER GAUN

O STEER her up, an' haud her gaun,
Her mither's at the mill, jo ;
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.

The lover's appeal

First shore her wi' a gentle kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo;
An' gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, an' be na blate,
An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then leave the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo:
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo:
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll find anither will, jo.

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT

O LASSIE, are ye sleepin yet,
Or are ye waukin, I wad wit?
For Love has bound me hand an' fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

Chorus—O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
And rise, and let me in!

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet;
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my care and pine, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER

An obdurate fair one

O tell na me o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo.

Chorus—I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed—
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let that to witless woman say
The gratefu' heart of man, jo!
I tell you now, &c.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN

Air—"I'll gang nae mair to yon toun."

Chorus—I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

The maid "in yon town"

THERE's nane sall ken, there's nane can guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she's doubly dear again.
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon toun."

Chorus.—O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon,
The dearest maid's in yon town,
That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!
O wat ye wha's, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the Spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
Among the broomy braes sae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my Fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But give me Jeanie in my arms
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
O wat ye wha's, &c.

Jeanie dear

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging Winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare, O spare me Jeanie dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

THE CARDIN O'T, THE SPINNIN O'T

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a wab to Johnie o't;
For Johnie is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of onie yet.

A rustic dowry

Chorus—The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

For tho' his locks be lyart grey,
And tho' his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin o't, &c.

THE LASS O' ECCLEFECHAN

Tune—"Jack o' Latin."

Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinning wheel,
A mickle quarter basin:
Bye attour my gutcher has
A heich house and a laich ane,
A' forbye my bonie sel,
The toss o' Ecclefechan.

O haud your tongue now, Lucky Lang,
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now Lucky Lang,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE COOPER O' CUDDY

The cooper's doings

Tune—"Bab at the Bowster."

Chorus—We'll hide the Cooper behint the door,
Behint the door, behint the door,
We'll hide the Cooper behint the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

The Cooper o' Cuddy came here awa,
He ca'd the girrs out o'er us a';
An' our gudewife has gotten a ca',
That's anger'd the silly gudeman O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! an' deil hae him!
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they sall stan' O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na whare to lodge till day:

"The lass that made

By my gude luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
An' bade her make a bed to me;
She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank—"Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

Chorus—The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head:
A cod she laid below my head,
And servèd me with due respect,
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.
The bonie lass, &c.

"Haud aff your hands, young man!" she said,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,
O wrang na my virginitie."

Her hair was like the links o' gowd, the bed
Her teeth were like the ivorie, to me"
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me:
The bonie lass, &c.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And aye she wist na what to say:
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thocht na lang till day.
The bonie lass, &c.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas, ye've ruin'd me."
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall make the bed to me."
The bonie lass, &c.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
An' made them a' in sarks to me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Chorus—The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die.
The lass that made the bed to me.

HAD I THE WYTE? SHE BADE ME

An invitation

Had I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte? she bade me;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me.
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me:
Had Kirk an' State been in the gate,
I'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me mak nae clatter;
"For our ramgunshoch, glum gudeman
Is o'er ayont the water."
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawt her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say, I was the fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her?
And wadna manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly used her?
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her!

I dighted aye her e'en sae blue,
An' bann'd the cruel randy,
And weel I wat, her willing mou
Was sweet as sugar-candie.

At gloamin-shot, it was I wot,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam thro' the Tyseday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

A warning to France

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir:
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted
No! never but by British hands
Shall British wrangs be righted!

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

King and People

Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
Who would set the Mob above the Throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK

Tune—"Loch Erroch Side."

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray!
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken!

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken.

Chloris ill

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL

Tune—"Aye wauken O."

Chorus—Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling Fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, long, &c.

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
Long, long, &c.

Hear me, Powers Divine!
O, in pity, hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, long, &c.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,

Sweet simplicity

And to the wealthy booby
Poor Woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile, the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate—
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin,
Awhile her pinions tries;
Till, of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION

Air—"Deil tak the wars."

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.

What are the showy treasures,
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewels blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze;
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;

Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is, Lasting love
Shrinking from the gaze of day.

O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

'TWAS NA HER BONIE BLUE E'E

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin,
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoin';
'Twas the dear smile when nae body did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness:
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me,
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever:
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest,
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter:
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE

Scotland yet!

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowèrs
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowèrs,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the Tyrant and Slave.
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR

Air—"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my Love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;

Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, Love.

Forlorn and far away

Chorus—O wert thou, Love, but near me!
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, Love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I
Save in these arms of thine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet;
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, Love!
O wert thou, &c.

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

Why, why tell thy lover
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

A good opportunity

O why, while fancy raptur'd slumbers,
"Chloris, Chloris," all the theme,
Why, why would'st thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream.

THE BRAW WOOER

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

Last May, a braw wooer cam doun the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said, there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me;
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was diein,
I said, he might die when he likèd for Jean—
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein;
The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel-stockèd mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd;
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers;
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less
(The deil tak his taste to gae near her!)
He up the Gate-slack to my black cousin, Bess—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I petted wi' care, nearly missed
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
But wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld schachl't feet;
But heavens! how he fell a swearing, a swearing,
But heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He beggèd for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

Tune—"This is no my house."

Chorus—This is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

"Kind love in her e'e"

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lover's een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But well the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER

O bonie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'ening sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

Blighted by Love

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers.
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe!

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art—
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But Love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

That little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;

Deep despair

And now, beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching Love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is "hope nae mair"
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whose bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

O THAT'S THE LASSIE O' MY HEART

Tune—"Morag."

O WAT ye wha that lo'es me
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

Chorus—O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O she's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

The only fair one

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all-delighted;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this Fair One,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other Fair One
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

NEWS, LASSES, NEWS

There's news, lasses, news,
Gude news I've to tell!
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

Chorus—The wean wants a cradle,
And the cradle wants a cod:
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a nod.

"Waefu' Want"

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a man.
The wean, &c.

I hae as gude a craft-rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till'd again.
The wean, &c.

CROWDIE EVER MAIR

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care,
Now I've gotten wife an' weans,
An' they cry "Crowdie" ever mair.

Chorus—Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, &c.

MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET

Chorus.—Mally's meek, Mally sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet;
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

Modest Mally

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon;
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.
Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
Mally's meek, &c.

JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS

Air—"Bonie lass tak a man."

Jockey's taen the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my Love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my Love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.

Beauty and dowry

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still the same.

A LASS WI' A TOCHER

Tune—"Ballinamona Ora."

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms,
The slender bit Beauty you grasp in your arms,
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Chorus.—Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher;
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your Beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows:
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes.
Then hey, for a lass, &c.

And e'en when this Beauty your bosom hath blest,
The brightest o' Beauty may cloy when possess'd;
But the sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.
Then hey, for a lass, &c.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

A slave to Love

Chorus.—O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A SLAVE to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art Queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR

Chorus.—Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond
lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than ought in the world beside—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

"In the cauld blast"

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thine arms—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree?—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I Monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my Crown
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS

Devon banks

Tune—"Rothiemurchie."

Chorus.—Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not Love exclaim: "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

EARLY AND MINOR PIECES

FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

TRAGIC FRAGMENT

A compassionate villain

All villain as I am—a damnèd wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting sinner,—
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere but unavailing sighs
I view the helpless children of distress:
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.—
Ev'n you, ye hapless crew! I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,
Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
Oh! but for friends and interposing Heaven,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abused—
As far surpassing other common villains
As Thou in natural parts has given me more.

THE TARBOLTON LASSES

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
  Ye'll there see bonie Peggy;
She kens her father is a laird,
  And she forsooth's a leddy.

A choice of sweethearts

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune:
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courtin.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o' Mysie;
She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny;
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
She kens hersel she's bonie.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
Speir in for bonie Bessy;
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonie, nane sae guid,
In a' King George' dominion;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It's Bessy's ain opinion!

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man;
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hundred or twa, man.

Tarbolton beauties

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonie a lass or as braw, man;
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man;
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man:
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The fau't wad be mine if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Poor but proud

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man:
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man;
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their drants,
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin 't together at a', man;
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

WINTER: A DIRGE

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:

While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down, Winter thoughts
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter day
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Power Supreme whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest; they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want—O do Thou grant
This one request of mine!—
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

A PRAYER UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH

O Thou Great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

The first psalm

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But, if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST PSALM

The man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees,
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore,
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM VERSIFIED

The ninetieth psalm

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself,
Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

In view of death

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good—for such Thou art—
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS, ON THE SAME OCCASION

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.

Raging passions

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowèd line;
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

APOSTROPHE TO FERGUSON

WRITTEN ABOVE AND BELOW HIS PORTRAIT

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!

An object of scorn

O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muse,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the Bard unfitted for the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures.

I'LL GO AND BE A SODGER

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger!

I gat some gear wi' mickle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane, and something mair—
I'll go and be a sodger!

AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER DEAR

Paraphrase of Jeremiah, xv. 10.

AH, woe is me, my Mother dear!
A man of strife ye've born me:
For sair contention I maun bear;
They hate, revile, and scorn me.

I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
That five per cent. might blest me;
And borrowing, on the tither hand,
The deil a ane wad trust me.

Yet I, a coin-denièd wight,
By Fortune quite discarded;
Ye see how I am, day and night,
By lad and lass blackguarded!

REMORSE—A FRAGMENT

Pangs of remorse

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
By our own folly, or our guilt brought on:
In ev'ry other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say, "It was no deed of mine:"
But, when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added, "Blame thy foolish self!"
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse,
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, when we've involvèd others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us;
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
O happy, happy, enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

EPITAPH ON WM. HOOD, SENR., IN TARBOLTON

Here Souter Hood in death does sleep;
To hell if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep;
He'll haud it weel thegither.

The poet's father

EPITAPH ON JAMES GRIEVE, LAIRD OF BOGHEAD, TARBOLTON

Here lies Boghead amang the dead
In hopes to get salvation;
But if such as he in Heav'n may be,
Then welcome, hail! damnation.

EPITAPH ON MY OWN FRIEND AND MY FATHER'S FRIEND, WM. MUIR IN TARBOLTON MILL

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

EPITAPH ON MY EVER HONOURED FATHER

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man—to vice alone a foe;
For "ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

EPITAPH ON A NOISY POLEMIC

A hen-pecked squire

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion!

EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE

As father Adam first was fool'd,
(A case that's still too common,)
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The devil ruled the woman.

EPIGRAM ON THE SAID OCCASION

O Death, had'st thou but spar'd his life,
Whom we this day lament,
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content.
Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak thou the carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul o' boot.

ANOTHER

One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she lovèd so well,
In respect for the love and affection he show'd her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.

Tam the chapman

But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
When called on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN

As Tam the chapman on a day,
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight so famous,
And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack:
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they could na part;
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death taks him hame to gie him quarters.

EPITAPH ON JOHN RANKINE

Ae day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad—
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter:
Ashamed himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin at the bitches,
"By God I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,

Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan!"
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"Lord God!" quoth he, "I have it now;
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

Mauchline Belles

REPLY TO AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY J. RANKINE

I am a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice;
Yet never met wi' that surprise
That broke my rest;
But now a rumour's like to rise—
A whaup 's i' the nest!

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris, they'd gotten it a'.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

The innkeeper

EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER

Here lies Johnie Pigeon;
What was his religion
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnie Pigeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori;*
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

EPITAPH FOR JAMES SMITH

Lament him, Mauchline husbands a',
He often did assist ye;
For had ye staid hale weeks awa,
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,—
Perhaps he was your father!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair;

Robin's elegy

Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care,
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash'd him,
Except the moment that they crush'd him;
For sune as chance or fate had hush'd 'em
Tho' e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em,
And thought it sport.

Tho' he was bred to kintra-wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then!

A MAUCHLINE WEDDING

When Eighty-five was seven months auld
And wearing thro' the aught,
When rolling rains and Boreas bauld
Gied farmer-folks a faught;
Ae morning quondam Mason W . . .
Now Merchant Master Miller,
Gaed down to meet wi' Nansie B . . .
And her Jamaica siller
To wed, that day.

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen
Was just appearing fairly,
When Nell and Bess got up to dress
Seven lang half-hours o'er early!

Wedding finery

Now presses clink, and drawers jink
For linens and for laces:
But modest Muses only *think*
What ladies' underdress is
On sic a day.

But we'll suppose the stays are lac'd,
And bonie bosoms steekit,
Tho' thro' the lawn—but guess the rest!
An angel scarce durst keek it.
Then stockins fine o' silken twine
Wi' cannie care are drawn up,
An' garten'd tight whare mortal wight
. . . .

But now the gown wi' rustling sound
Its silken pomp displays;
Sure there's na sin in being vain
O' siccan bonie claes!
Sae jimp the waist, the tail sae vast—
Trouth, they were bonie birdies!
O Mither Eve, ye wad been grieve
To see their ample hurdies
Sae large that day.

Then Sandy, wi's red jacket braw,
Comes whip-jee-woa! about,
And in he gets the bonie twa,—
Lord send them safely out.
And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz,
As braid and braw's a Bailie,
His shouthers and his Sunday's jiz
Wi' powther and wi' ulzie
Weel smear'd that day.
. . . .

SUPPRESSED STANZAS OF "THE VISION"

Ayrshire scenes

After the 18th stanza of *Duan I.* (at "His native land"):—

With secret throes I marked that earth,
That cottage, witness of my birth;
And near I saw, bold issuing forth
In youthful pride,
A Lindsay race of noble worth,
Famed far and wide.

Where, hid behind a spreading wood,
An ancient Pict-built mansion stood,
I spied, among an angel brood,
A female pair;
Sweet shone their high maternal blood,
And father's air.

An ancient tower to memory brought
How Dettingen's bold hero fought;
Still, far from sinking into nought,
It owns a lord
Who far in western climates fought,
With trusty sword.

Among the rest I well could spy
One gallant, graceful, martial boy,
The *soldier* sparkled in his eye,
A diamond water.
I blest that noble badge with joy,
That owned me *frater*.

After the 20th stanza (at "Dispensing good"):—

Near by arose a mansion fine,
The seat of many a muse divine;

Ayrshire scenes

Not rustic muses such as mine,
With holly crown'd,
But th' ancient, tuneful, laurell'd Nine,
From classic ground.

I mourn'd the card that Fortune dealt,
To see where bonie Whitefoords dwelt;
But other prospects made me melt,
That village near;
There Nature, Friendship, Love, I felt,
Fond-mingling, dear!

Hail! Nature's pang, more strong than death!
Warm Friendship's glow, like kindling wrath!
Love, dearer than the parting breath
Of dying friend!
Not ev'n with life's wild devious path,
Your force shall end!

The Power that gave the soft alarms
In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms,
Still threats the tiny, feather'd arms,
The barbèd dart,
While lovely Wilhelmina warms
The coldest heart.

After the 21st stanza (at "That, to adore"):—

Where Lugar leaves his moorland plaid,
Where lately Want was idly laid,
I markèd busy, bustling Trade,
In fervid flame,
Beneath a Patroness's aid,
Of noble name.

Ayrshire scenes

Wild, countless hills I could survey,
And countless flocks as wild as they;
But other scenes did charms display,
That better please,
Where polish'd manners dwell with Gray,
In rural ease.

Where Cessnock pours with gurgling sound;
And Irwine, marking out the bound,
Enamour'd of the scenes around,
Slow runs his race,
A name I doubly honour'd found,
With knightly grace.

Brydon's brave ward, I saw him stand,
Fame humbly offering her hand,
And near, his kinsman's rustic band,
With one accord,
Lamenting their late blessed land
Must change its lord.

The owner of a pleasant spot,
Near sandy wilds, I last did note;
A heart too warm, a pulse too hot
At times, o'erran:
But large in ev'ry feature wrote,
Appear'd the Man.

INSCRIBED ON A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S

PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY

Thou flatt'ring mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind

A valued gift

The dear, the beauteous donor ;
Tho' sweetly female ev'ry part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart
Does both the sexes honour :
She show'd her taste refin'd and just,
When she selected thee ;
Yet deviating, own I must,
For sae approving me :
But kind still I'll mind still
The giver in the gift ;
I'll bless her, an' wiss her
A Friend aboon the lift.

VERSIFIED REPLY TO AN INVITATION

Sir,

Yours this moment I unseal,
And faith I'm gay and hearty !
To tell the truth and shame the deil,
I am as fou as Bartie :
But Foorsday, sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie.

Yours,
Robert Burns.

Mauchlin, *Monday night*, 10 *o'clock*.

TO JOHN KENNEDY, DUMFRIES HOUSE

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchlin corss,

To John Kennedy

(Lord, man, there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy;
An' down the gate in faith they're worse,
An' mair unchancy).

But as I'm sayin, please step to Dow's,
An' taste sic gear as Johnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
That ye are there;
An' if we dinna hae a bouze,
I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow;
But gie me just a true guid fallow,
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to mak us mellow,
An' then we'll shine.

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you nae friendship I will troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
Ye hate as ill's the very Deil
The flinty heart that canna feel—
Come, sir, here's to you!
Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,
An' Gude be wi' you.

Robt. Burness.

Mossgiel, 3*rd March* 1786.

Timely encouragement

TO MR M'ADAM, OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN

IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING LETTER HE SENT IN THE COMMENCEMENT OF MY POETIC CAREER

Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
"See wha taks notice o' the bard!"
I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose abune them a',
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, sir; 'twas like yoursel',
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is aye a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me,
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
An' barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers!
An' bless your bonie lasses baith,
I'm tauld they're lo'esome kimmers!

An' God bless young Dunaskin's laird, **About a boy**
The blossom of our gentry!
An' may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCHLINE

RECOMMENDING A BOY

Mossgaville, *May* 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han';
But lest he learn the callan tricks—
As faith I muckle doubt him—
Like scrapin out auld Crummie's nicks,
An' tellin lies about them;
As lieve them, I'd have then
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An 'bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' *you* he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I hae na ony fear.
Ye'll catechise him, every quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' hell;

Gavin Hamilton

An' gar him follow to the kirk—
Aye when ye gang yoursel!
If ye then maun be then
Frae hame this comin Friday,
Then please sir, to lea'e, sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the warld's worm;
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form:
I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him:
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.
To phrase you and praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns:
The pray'r still you share still
Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

EPITAPH FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or damn'd!

EPITAPH ON WEE JOHNIE

Hic Jacet wee Johnie

Whoe'er thou art, O, reader, know
That Death has murder'd Johnie;
An' here his *body* lies fu' low;
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

The Lodge's procession

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honoured name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

VERSIFIED NOTE TO DR MACKENZIE, MAUCHLINE

FRIDAY first's the day appointed
By the Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;
To get a blaud o' Johnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels
I' the way of our profession.
The Master and the Brotherhood
Would a' be glad to see you;
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If Death, then, wi' skaith then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday you'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, 14*th June A. M.* 5790.

STANZAS ON NAETHING

EXTEMPORE EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

To you, sir, this summons I've sent,
Pray, whip till the pownie is freathing;
But if you demand what I want,
I honestly answer you—naething.

All for nothing

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
For idly just living and breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about—naething.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their claithing;
He'll find, when the balance is cast,
He's gane to the devil for—naething.

The courtier cringes and bows,
Ambition has likewise its plaything;
A coronet beams on his brows;
And what is a coronet?—naething

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal graithing;
But every good fellow will own
Their quarrel is a' about—naething.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his bonie bit gay thing:
But marriage will soon let him know
He's gotten—a buskit-up naething.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme,
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,
He's kindly rewarded wi'—naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a heathen;
But collar him fast, I'll engage
You'll find that his courage is—naething.

Last night wi' a feminine whig—
A poet she couldna put faith in;

But soon we grew lovingly big, **Drowning a poet**
I taught her, her terrors were—naething.

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing;
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her, and promised her—naething

The priest anathèmas may threat—
Predicament, sir, that we're baith in;
But when honour's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery's—naething.

And now I must mount on the wave—
My voyage perhaps there is death in;
But what is a watery grave?
The drowning a Poet is—naething.

And now, as grim death's in my thought,
To you, sir, I make this bequeathing;
My service as long as ye've ought,
And my friendship, by God, when ye've naething.

THE FAREWELL

The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
To helpless children,—then, Oh then, he feels
The point of misery festering in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortunes like a coward:
Such, such am I!—undone!

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanora.*

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains,

A last farewell

Where rich ananas blow!
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
My Jean's heart-rending throe!
Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
Of my paternal care,
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou'lt share!
Adieu, too, to you too,
My Smith, my bosom frien';
When kindly you mind me,
O then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart;
From thee, my Jeany, must I part!
Thou, weeping, answ'rest—"No!"
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace,
I for thy sake must go!
Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu:
I, with a much-indebted tear,
Shall still remember you!
All hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
It rustles, and whistles
I'll never see thee more!

THE CALF

To the Rev. James Steven, on his text, Malachi, ch. iv. vers. 2. "And ye shall go forth, and grow up, as calves of the stall."

Right, sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' heretics may laugh;

For instance, there's yoursel just now, The calf's progress
God knows, an unco *calf*.

And should some patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *stirk*.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a *stot !*

Tho' when some kind connubial dear
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *horns*.

And, in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowt,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *nowt*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
With justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous *bullock !*"

MOTTO PREFIXED TO THE AUTHOR'S FIRST PUBLICATION

The simple Bard, unbroke by rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart ;
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire ;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

Want of money

LINES TO MR JOHN KENNEDY

FAREWELL, dear friend! may guid luck hit you,
And 'mang her favourites admit you:
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him,
And ony deil that thinks to get you,
Good Lord, deceive him!

LINES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more,
Who, distant, burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANKNOTE

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief;
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass:
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy curst restriction:
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil;
And for thy potence vainly wished,
To crush the villain in the dust:
For lack o' thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.

KYLE.

WILLIE CHALMERS

Willie Chalmers

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin;
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush
The doited beastie stammers;
Then up he gets, and off he sets,
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-ken'd name
May cost a pair o' blushes;
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm-urgèd wishes.
Your bonie face, sae mild and sweet,
His honest heart enamours;
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
And Honour safely back her;
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak her:
And sic twa love-inspiring een
Might fire even holy palmers;
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouther'd priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie:

Willie Chalmers

But oh! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars?
The feeling heart's the royal blue,
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin, glowrin countra laird
May warsle for your favour;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And hoast up some palaver:
My bonie maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom,
Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues,
For deil a hair I roose him.
May powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours,—
And every year come in mair dear
To you and Willie Chalmers.

PRAYER.—O THOU DREAD POWER

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make this prayer sincere.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

The poet's prayer

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band—
With earnest tears I pray—
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er Life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven!

FRAGMENT ON SENSIBILITY

Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The *good* excuse will find.

Propriety's cold, cautious rules
Warm fervour may o'erlook:
But spare poor sensibility
Th' ungentle, harsh rebuke.

TO MISS LOGAN

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JAN. 1, 1787

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,

Rival pleaders

And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

LORD ADVOCATE

He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till, in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR ERSKINE

Collected, Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a lin, man:
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE HEAD-STONE OF FERGUSSON THE POET

Robert Fergusson

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er the Poet's dust.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate;
Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This humble tribute, with a tear, he gives,
A brother Bard—he can no more bestow:
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
A nobler monument than Art can shew.

EPIGRAM AT ROSLIN INN

My blessings on ye, honest wife!
I ne'er was here before;
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife—
Heart could not wish for more.
Heav'n keep you clear o' sturt and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore,
And by the Lord o' death and life,
I'll ne'er gae by your door!

EPIGRAM ADDRESSED TO AN ARTIST

Dear———, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:

Isabella Macleod

You shouldna paint at angels, man,
But try and paint the devil.
To paint an Angel's kittle wark,
Wi' Nick there's little danger:
You'll easy draw a lang-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

TO MISS ISABELLA MACLEOD

The crimson blossom charms the bee,
The summer sun the swallow:
So dear this tuneful gift to me
From lovely Isabella.

Her portrait fair upon my mind
Revolving time shall mellow,
And mem'ry's latest effort find
The lovely Isabella.

No bard nor lover's rapture this
In fancies vain and shallow!
She is, so come my soul to bliss,
The lovely Isabella.

EDINBURGH, *March 16th*, 1787.

PASSION'S CRY

Mild zephyrs waft thee to life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me and my distresses more.—
Falsehood accurst! No! still I beg a place,
Still near thy heart some little, little trace:
For that dear trace the world I would resign:
O let me live, and die, and think it mine!

By all I lov'd neglected and forgot,
No friendly face e'er lights my squalid cot;
Shunn'd, hated, wrong'd, unpitied, unredrest!
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest!

Ev'n the poor súpport of my wretched life, Passion's Cry
Snatched by the violence of legal strife.
Oft grateful for my very daily bread
To those my family's once large bounty fed;
A welcome inmate at their homely fare,
My griefs, my woes, my sighs, my tears they share:
Their vulgar souls unlike the souls refin'd,
The fashioned marble of the polished mind.

"I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the crackling flames are borne."
Now raving-wild, I curse that fatal night,
Then bless the hour that charm'd my guilty sight:
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose,
Chain'd at Love's feet, they groan, his vanquish'd foes;
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye,
I dare not combat, but I turn and fly:
Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallow'd fire,
Love grasps her scorpions—stifled they expire!
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone;
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields.
By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear,
Not life, nor soul, were ever half so dear!

VERSES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE

Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?

Glencairn's portrait

And whose that generous princely mien,
Ev'n rooted foes admire?

Stranger! to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take *His* hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
The noble Ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern,
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye,—
It dwells upon Glencairn.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT, MONDAY, 16TH APRIL 1787

When, by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with a grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war,—
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!

Where every science, every nobler art, Cultured Scotland
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,
Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam ;
Here History paints with elegance and force
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
And Harley rouses all the God in man.
When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here !
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet ;
Nor insolence assumes fair Freedom's name :
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire ;
May every son be worthy of his sire ;
Firm may she rise, with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain ;
Still Self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

The Book-worms

THE BOOK-WORMS

THROUGH and through th' inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But O respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS

O THOU whom Poesy abhors,
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors,
Heard'st thou yon groan?—proceed no further,
'Twas laurel'd Martial calling "murther."

ON JOHNSON'S OPINION OF HAMPDEN

For shame!
Let Folly and Knavery Freedom oppose:
'Tis suicide, Genius, to mix with her foes.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess:
True it is, she had ae failing,
Had ae woman ever less?

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM NICOL, OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bit o't's rotten.

EPITAPH FOR MR WILLIAM MICHIE

William Michie

SCHOOLMASTER OF CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE

Here lie Willie Michie's banes:
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin o' your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak them!

EPIGRAM TO MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant,
Not Angels such as you.

NOTE TO MR RENTON OF LAMERTON

Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,
Tho' 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Whare birkies march on burning marl:
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. Burns.

EPIGRAM TO MISS JEAN SCOTT

O had each Scot of ancient times
Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

A brother's death

THE BARD AT INVERARY

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God,—His Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger:
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence alone
  Can heal the wound he gave—
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
  To scenes beyond the grave.

New inspiration

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
  And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
  Shall happy be at last.

TO MISS FERRIER

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR

Nae heathen name shall I prefix,
  Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
  For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
  Made Homer deep their debtor;
But, gien the body half an e'e,
  Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
  Down George's Street I stoited;
A creeping cauld prosaic fog
  My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
  My saul lay in the mire;
Ye turned a neuk, I saw your e'e,
  She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
  In gratitude I send you,
And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,
  A' gude things may attend you!

Lines at Stirling

IMPROMPTU ON CARRON IRON WORKS

We cam na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:

But when we tirl'd at your door
Your porter dought na bear us;
Sae may, shou'd we to Hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

WRITTEN BY SOMEBODY ON THE WINDOW

OF AN INN AT STIRLING, ON SEEING THE ROYAL PALACE IN RUINS

Here Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre fallen to other hands;
Fallen indeed, and to the earth
Whence grovelling reptiles take their birth.
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne;
An idiot race, to honour lost;
Who know them best despise them most.

THE POET'S REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS CRITIC

With Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
Each other blow, but damn that ass's heel!

THE LIBELLER'S SELF-REPROOF

Highland scenery

Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame!
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel!

VERSES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side,
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noontide beam—
* * * * *

The Fall of Fyers

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—
* * * * *
Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.
* * * * *

LINES ON THE FALL OF FYERS

Near Loch-Ness

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON THE SPOT

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lours:
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—
* * * * *

EPIGRAM ON PARTING WITH A KIND HOST IN THE HIGHLANDS

"Beauteous Rosebud"

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
(A time that surely shall come),
In Heav'n itself I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

TO MISS CRUICKSHANK

A very Young Lady

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR

Beauteous Rosebud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;

Love and Friendship

Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent Earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, A.M.

Now honest William's gaen to Heaven,
I wat na gin't can mend him:
The fauts he had in Latin lay,
For nane in English kend them.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA

EXTEMPORE REPLY TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY, UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF "CLARINDA"

When dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptur'd view,
He gaz'd, he listened to despair,
Alas! 'twas all he dared to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes,
Transfixed his bosom thro' and thro';
But still in Friendship's guarded guise,
For more the demon fear'd to do.

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all *perdu*;
For frowning Honour kept his post—
To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

His pangs the Bard refused to own,
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew;

Love and Friendship

But Anguish wrung the unweeting groan—
  Who blames what frantic Pain must do?

That heart, where motley follies blend,
  Was sternly still to Honour true:
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,
  Was what a lover sure might do.

The Muse his ready quill employed,
  No nearer bliss he could pursue;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—
  "Send word by Charles how you do!"

The chill behest disarm'd his muse,
  Till passion all impatient grew:
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
  'Twas 'cause "he'd nothing else to do."

But by those hopes I have above!
  And by those faults I dearly rue!
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
  For thee that deed I dare to do!

O could the Fates but name the price
  Would bless me with your charms and you!
With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
  If human art and power could do!

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
  (Friendship, at least, I may avow;)
And lay no more your chill command,—
  I'll write, whatever I've to do.

SYLVANDER.

The three toasts

VERSES TO CLARINDA

SENT WITH A PAIR OF WINE-GLASSES

Fair Empress of the poet's soul,
And Queen of poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses:

And fill them up with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge them to the generous toast,
"The whole of human kind!"

"To those who love us!" second fill;
But not to those whom *we* love;
Lest we love those who love not us—
A third—"To thee and me, love!"

TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM

July 27th, 1788, ELLISLAND IN NITHSDALE.

My godlike friend—nay, do not stare,
You think the praise is odd-like;
But "God is love," the saints declare,
Then surely thou art god-like.

And is thy ardour still the same?
And kindled still in Anna?
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano!

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie-dissolving portal;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May'st promise love immortal!

Thy wounds such healing powers defy,
  Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great antihectic try—
  Marriage perhaps may mend them.

Hermit musings

Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,
  Divine, magnetic, touching:
She talks, she charms—but who can trace
  The process of bewitching?

VERSES IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE

First Version

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost:
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim,
Ambition is a meteor-gleam;
Fame a restless idle dream;

Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round peace, the tend'rest flow'r of spring;
Those that sip the dew alone—
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour—
Crush the locusts, save the flower.

The home of happiness

For the future be prepar'd,
Guard wherever thou can'st guard;
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.
Follies past, give thou to air,
Make their *consequence* thy care:
Keep the name of Man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart
Him, whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep His Goodness still in view,
Thy trust, and thy example, too.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nidside.

AT WHIGHAM'S INN, SANQUHAR

Envy, if thy jaundiced eye
Through this window chance to spy,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find
All that's generous, all that's kind,
Friendship, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place.

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS

He looked just as your sign-post Lions do,
With aspect fierce, and quite as harmless too.

So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Dull on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

His face with smile eternal drest,
Just like the landlord to his guest,
High as they hang with creaking din,
To index out the Country Inn.

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain and soul, **At Wanlockhead**
The very image of a barber's poll;
Just shews a human face, and wears a wig,
And looks, when well friseur'd, amazing big.

PEGASUS AT WANLOCKHEAD

With Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying
(Through frosty hills the journey lay),
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes
To get a frosty caulker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster!
My Pegasus is poorly shod,
I'll pay you like my master.

ON WILLIAM CREECH

A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest She he meets;
Much specious lore, but little understood,
(Veneering oft outshines the solid wood),

Creech and Smellie

His solid sense, by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the Scottish ell!
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd "vive la bagatelle et vive l'amour;"
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love!
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE

* * * Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout the same;
His grisly beard just bristling in its might—
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night;
His uncomb'd, hoary locks, wild-staring, thatch'd
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent and good.

THE POET'S PROGRESS

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The peopled fold thy kindly care have found,
The horned bull, tremendous, spurns the ground;
The lordly lion has enough and more,
The forest trembles at his very roar;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The poisonous wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minion, man, exulting in his powers
In field, court, camp, by altars base devours.
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure:

Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug, The hap-
The priest and hedgehog, in their robes, are snug : less poet
Kings bear the civil, priests the sacred blade,
Soldiers and hangmen murder by their trade ;
Even silly women have defensive arts,
Their eyes, their tongues—and nameless other parts.

But O thou cruel stepmother and hard,
To that poor fenceless, naked thing, a Bard !
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still :
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun :
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
His dart satyric, his unheeded sting :
And idle fancy's pinions, all his wing :
The silly sheep that wanders wild astray,
Not more unfriended, and not more a prey ;
Vampyre-booksellers drain him to the heart,
And butcher-critics cut him up by art.

Critics ! appall'd I venture on the name,
Those bandits that infest the paths of fame,
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes,
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose :
His heart by wanton, causeless malice wrung,
By blockhead's daring into madness stung,
Torn, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounces on through life,
Extinct each ray that once his bosom fired,
Till fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low-sunk in feeble, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his inspir'd page,
He feels no more the ruthless critics' rage.

News and Reviews

So by some hedge the generous steed deceas'd,
To half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast,
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

RHYMING REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDELL

Dear Sir, at ony time or tide,
I'd rather sit wi' you than ride,
Though 'twere wi' royal Geordie;
And trowth, your kindness, soon and late,
Aft gars me to mysel' look blate—
The Lord in Heav'n reward ye!

R. Burns.

Ellisland.

IMPROMPTU LINES TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL

ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER

Your News and Review, sir,
I've read through and through, sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The Papers are barren
Of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the Reviewers,
Those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, sir;
But of meet or unmeet,
In a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir;

My goose-quill too rude is
To tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one
Like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, should know it!

A new psalm

LINES TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ. OF DRUMLANRIG

SENT WITH SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS

O could I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send;
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest bard's esteem.

A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK

ON THE THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY

O sing a new song to the Lord;
Make, all and every one,
A joyful noise, even for the king
His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together;
Come, let us sweep them off, said they,
Like an o'erflowing river.

The King's recovery

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together;
On right, and left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones
To quell the Wicked's pride;
That Young Man, great in Issachar,
The burden-bearing tribe.

And him, among the Princes, chief
In our Jerusalem,
The judge that's mighty in thy law,
The man that fears thy name.

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail:
Even as two howling, rav'ning wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevail'd,
For so thou hadst appointed;
That thou might'st greater glory give
Unto thine own anointed.

And now thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low.

Consume that high-place, Patronage,
From off thy holy hill;
And in thy fury burn the book—
Even of that man M'Gill.

Now hear our prayer, accept our song, **Two Graces**
And fight thy chosen's battle:
We seek but little, Lord, from thee,
Thou kens we get as little.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER, EXTEMPORE

O Thou who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And, if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content. Amen!

A GRACE AFTER DINNER, EXTEMPORE

O Thou, in whom we live and move--
Who made the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore;
And, if it please Thee, Power above!
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love—
And we desire no more. Amen!

SONNET ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR

10 Aug., 1789

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY

I call no Goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns:

In the Excise

Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gifts still dearer, as the giver you.
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me along your wand'ring spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!
I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would, but cannot speak the rest.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION

ON BEING APPOINTED TO AN EXCISE DIVISION

Searching auld wives' barrels,
Ochon the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels:
But what'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives an' weans,
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

LINES TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT THE POET A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE

Kind Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin;

That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, **European events**
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt;
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't:
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
How libbet Italy was singing;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin or takin aught amiss;
Or how our merry lads at hame
In Britain's court kept up the game;
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin;
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare arses yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshing still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser:
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And, but for you, I might despair'd of.
So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray a' gude things may attend you.

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning.*

Mars and Venus

TO PETER STUART

Dear Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken;
For instance your sheet, man
(Tho' glad I'm to see't, man),
I get it no ae day in ten.

ON ROBERT MUIR

What man could esteem, or what woman could love,
Was he who lies under the sod;
If such Thou refusest admission above,
Then whom wilt Thou favour, Good God.

I MURDER HATE

I murder hate by flood or field,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at home I'll spend my blood—
Life-giving wars of Venus.
The deities that I adore
Are social Peace and Plenty;
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty.

I would not die like Socrates,
For all the fuss of Plato;
Nor would I with Leonidas,
Nor yet would I with Cato:
The zealots of the Church and State
Shall ne'er my mortal foes be;
But let me have bold Zimri's fate,
Within the arms of Cozbi!

THE RAPTURES OF FOLLY

Wisdom and Folly

The greybeard, old Wisdom! may boast of his treasures;
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

POLITICS

In politics if thou would'st mix
And mean thy fortunes be,
Bear this in mind: Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

EXTEMPORE REPLY TO AN INVITATION

The King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' you by an' by,
Or else the Deil's be in it.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead,
And send us, from thy bounteous store,
A tup- or wether-head! Amen.

GRACE AFTER MEAT

Lord, [Thee] we thank, and Thee alone,
For temporal gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more—
Let William Hislop bring the spirit.

The tyrant wife

O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take the flesh away,
And Jock bring in the spirit! Amen.

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to a tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission,
Who has not sixpence but in her possession,
Who must to her his dear friend's secrets tell,
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

ON MARRIAGE

That hackney'd judge of human life,
The Preacher and the King,
Observes:—"The man that gets a wife,
He gets a noble thing."
But how capricious are mankind,
Now loathing, now desirous!
We married men, how oft we find
The best of things will tire us!

A SONNET UPON SONNETS

Fourteen, a sonneteer thy praises sings;
What magic mysteries in that number lie!
Your hen hath fourteen eggs beneath her wings
That fourteen chickens to the roost may fly.

Fourteen full pounds the jockey's stone must be ; Captain Grose
His age fourteen—a horse's prime is past.
Fourteen long hours too oft the Bard must fast ;
Fourteen bright bumpers,—bliss he ne'er must see !
Before fourteen, a dozen yields the strife ;
Before fourteen,—e'en thirteen's strength is vain.
Fourteen good years—a woman gives us life ;
Fourteen good men—we lose that life again.
What lucubrations can be more upon it ?
Fourteen good measur'd verses make a sonnet.

VERSES ON CAPTAIN GROSE

WRITTEN ON AN ENVELOPE, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO HIM

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose ?—*Igo and ago,*
If he's amang his friends or foes ?—*Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he south or is he north ?—*Igo and ago,*
Or drownèd in the river Forth ?—*Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies ?—*Igo and ago,*
And eaten like a wether haggis ?—*Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane ?—*Igo and ago,*
Or haudin Sarah by the wame ?—*Iram, coram, dago.*

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him !—*Igo and ago,*
As for the deil, he daur na steer him.—*Iram, coram, dago.*

A flat refusal

But please transmit th' enclosèd letter,—*Igo and ago*,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.—*Iram, coram, dago.*

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,—*Igo and ago*,
The very stanes that Adam bore.—*Iram, coram, dago.*

So may ye get in glad possession,—*Igo and ago*,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!—*Iram, coram dago.*

EPIGRAM ON FRANCIS GROSE THE ANTIQUARY

The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burthen a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cries Satan—"By God,
I'll want him ere take such a damnable load!"

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE OF DUMFRIES

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING, 1790

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good New Year!

Old Father Time deputes me here before ye, Time's lessons
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage, grave Ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day."
If *wiser* too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
Said—"Sutherland, in one word, bid them THINK!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old bald-pate smoothes his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—NOW!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;

Nicol's mare

And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

ELEGY ON WILLIE NICOL'S MARE

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
As ever trod on airn;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
An' rode thro' thick an' thin;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
An' the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppress'd, and bruis'd she was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

SCOTS PROLOGUE FOR MR SUTHERLAND

ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES

What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend, like brandy, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?

Native drama

For Comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece,
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Would shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!
O for a Shakespeare, or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms:
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut that direst foe—a vengeful woman;
A woman, (tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,)
As able and as wicked as the Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age:
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where he justly can commend, commend them;

The Actor's thanks

And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard, and say "The folks hae done their best!"
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caition,
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, an' lay him on his back!

For us and for our Stage, should ony spier,
"Whase aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow—
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers shore before ye strike;
And gratefu' still, I trust ye'll ever find us,
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, setts and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

SKETCH FOR AN ELEGY

Craigdarroch, fam'd for speaking art
And every virtue of the heart,
Stops short, nor can a word impart
To end his sentence,
When memory strikes him like a dart
With auld acquaintance.

Black James—whase wit was never laith,
But, like a sword had tint the sheath,
Ay ready for the work o' death—
He turns aside,

A posthumous child

And strains wi' suffocating breath
His grief to hide.

Even philosophic Smellie tries
To choak the stream that floods his eyes:
So Moses wi' a hazel-rice
Came o'er the stane;
But tho' it cost him speaking twice,
It gush'd amain.

Go to your marble graffs, ye great,
In a' the tinkler-trash of state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man o' worth,
And weep the ae best fallow's fate
E'er laid in earth.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS

Sweet flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form:
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

Glencairn's death

May He, the friend o' Woe and Want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn,
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

LINES TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART.

Thou, who thy honor as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *Friend* thou valued'st, I, the *Patron* lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved:
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.

EPIGRAM ON MISS DAVIES

ON BEING ASKED WHY SHE HAD BEEN FORMED SO LITTLE, AND MRS S—— SO BIG

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?—
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it.

LINES ON FERGUSSON, THE POET

Elegy on Miss Burnet

Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think Life's sun did set e'er well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.

O why should truest Worth and Genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot-greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow?

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more.

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd:
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly—ye with my soul accord.

New Year's Day

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail,
And thou, sweet Excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse with honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And Virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So, from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY [1791]

TO MRS DUNLOP

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less,
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,

And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray) **Serious thoughts**
From housewife cares a minute borrow,
(That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow,)
And join with me a-moralising;
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year has gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then, is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since then, my honour'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those who never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,

The captive fox

(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale Envy to convulse),
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN

A FRAGMENT, 1791

Thou, Liberty, thou art my theme;
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has;
Such stale conceits are poor and silly;
I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek's a mouse, as round's an apple,
That when thou pleasest canst do wonders;
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premised, I sing a Fox,
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Could'st thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?
How could'st thou, with a heart so good,
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood)
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

Whig-gish talk

The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates,
With many rueful, bloody stories
Of Tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in hell;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on Man;
How fell Semiramis—God damn her!
Did first, with sacrilegious hammer,
(All ills till then were trivial matters)
For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck fetters;
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
Until the stubborn whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta;
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and fire;
With much, too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending still, how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit
Has gagg'd old Britain, drain'd her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thomson's seasons

Thus wily Reynard by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a College;
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution,
How fortune wrought us good from evil;
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say, "I ne'er can need him,"
Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH A WREATH OF BAYS

While virgin Spring by Eden's flood
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the year! "That cursed drink"
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

TO WILLIAM STEWART

IN honest Bacon's ingle-neuk
Here maun I sit and think,
Sick o' the warld and warld's folk,
An' sick, damn'd sick, o' drink!
I see, I see there is nae help,
But still down I maun sink,
Till some day laigh enough I yelp,
"Wae worth that cursed drink!"
Yestreen, alas! I was sae fu'
I could but yisk and wink;
And now, this day, sair, sair I rue
The weary, weary drink.
Satan, I fear thy sooty claws,
I hate thy brunstane stink,
And aye I curse the luckless cause—
The wicked soup o' drink.
In vain I would forget my woes
In idle rhyming clink,
For, past redemption damn'd in prose,
I can do nought but drink.
To you my trusty well-tried friend,
May heaven still on you blink!
And may your life flow to the end,
Sweet as a dry man's drink.

The Toad-eater

EPIGRAM AT BROWNHILL INN

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
We've a' thing that's nice, and mostly in season,
But why always Bacon—come tell me the reason?

THE TOAD-EATER

Of Lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the Dukes that you dined wi' yestreen;
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a Queen!

DIVINE SERVICE IN THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauld kirk, and in't but few:
As cauld a minister's ever spak;
Ye'se a' be het or I come back.

THE KEEKIN-GLASS

How daur ye ca' me "Howlet-face"?
Ye blear-e'ed, withered spectre!
Ye only spied the keekin-glass,
An' there ye saw your picture.

EPISTLE TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ., OF TERRAUGHTIE

ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Health to the Maxwell's veteran Chief!
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn.

Maxwell of Terraughtie

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stour.

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men, and lassies bonie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe, and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the deil, he daurna steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, NOVEMBER 26, 1792.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;

The Rights of Woman

While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection.*—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum.*—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude men had naughty ways:
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet.

Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest;
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration!*
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs;
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares,

When awful Beauty joins with all her charms— Miss Fontenelle
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

EPIGRAM ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning Nature, torturing art,
Loves and Graces all rejected,—
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON

DOST thou not rise, indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn?

They wha about thee mak sic fuss
Now thou art but a name,
Wad seen thee damn'd ere they had spar'd
Ae plack to fill thy wame.

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi' meikle honest toil,

The thrush's song

And claught th' unfading garland there—
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted—
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it!

To whom hae much, more shall be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK, IN JANUARY

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol, clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys—
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES

The Loyal Natives

Ye true "Loyal Natives" attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From Envy and Hatred your core is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of Contempt!

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS

Lord, to account who dares thee call,
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure?
Else why, within so thick a wall,
Enclose so poor a treasure?

LINES INSCRIBED IN A LADY'S POCKET ALMANAC

Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things that were.

ON THE COMMEMORATION OF RODNEY'S VICTORY

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast;
Here's the memory of those on the Twelfth that we lost!—
We lost, did I say?—No, by Heav'n, that we found;
For their fame it shall live while the world goes round.

Rodney's Victory

The next in succession I'll give you the King!
And who would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution!
And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd!
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman—and he his first trial!

King's Arms, Dumfries, 12*th April* 1793.

KIRK AND STATE EXCISEMEN

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? Give the cause a hearing:
What are your Landlord's rent-rolls?—taxing ledgers!
What Premiers?—what ev'n Monarchs?—mighty Gaugers?
Nay, what are Priests? (those seeming godly wise-men,)
What are they, pray, but Spiritual Excisemen!

LINES ON JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle, furrow'd by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
O may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

EPITAPH ON A LAP-DOG

The Earl of Galloway

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now, half extinct your powers of song,—
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now, half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

EPIGRAMS AGAINST THE EARL OF GALLOWAY

What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
And ended in a mire.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway!
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

Maria's birthday

EPIGRAM ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN

When Morine, deceas'd, to the Devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown.
"Thy fool's head," quoth Satan, "that crown shall wear never;
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever."

ON MRS RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY

4TH NOVEMBER 1793

Old Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

"Now Jove, for once be mighty civil;
To counterbalance all this evil,
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

ADDRESS

The gloomy poet

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DECEMBER 4TH, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue-business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause, and sentimental tears?
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
"D'ye think," said I, "this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!"

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:

Laugh at misfortune

I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five;
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish airs and arts hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY

Here, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift; though humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant, jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song,

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears, To Maria Riddell
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strains endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.
DUMFRIES, 31*st January* 1794.

COMPLIMENTARY EPIGRAM ON MARIA RIDDELL

"PRAISE Woman still," his lordship roars,
"Deserv'd or not, no matter?"
But thee, whom all my soul adores,
Ev'n Flattery cannot flatter:

MARIA, all my thought and dream,
Inspires my vocal shell;
The more I praise my lovely theme,
The more the truth I tell.

REMORSEFUL APOLOGY

THE friend whom wild from Wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!—
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

PINNED TO MRS WALTER RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE

IF you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue,
Your speed will outrival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

On the iddells

EPITAPH FOR MR WALTER RIDDELL

Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms ev'n damn'd him when laid in his grave;
"In his flesh there's a famine," a starved reptile cries,
"And his heart is rank poison!" another replies.

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd;
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;

But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower, Robert Riddell
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on his prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL

OF GLENRIDDELL AND FRIARS' CARSE

No more, ye warblers of the wood! no more;
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul;
Thou young-eyed Spring! gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddell lies.

A worthless trio

Yes, pour, ye warblers! pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
The man of worth (and hath not left his peer!)
Is in his "narrow house," for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring! again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

EPITAPH ON A NOTED COXCOMB

CAPT. WM. RODDICK, OF CORBISTON

Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His scull will prop it under.

ON CAPT. LASCELLES

When Lascelles thought fit from this world to depart,
Some friends warmly spoke of embalming his heart;
A bystander whispers—"Pray don't make so much o't,
The subject is poison, no reptile will touch it."

ON WM. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF MOSSKNOWE

"Stop thief!" dame Nature call'd to Death,
As Willy drew his latest breath;
"How shall I make a fool again?
My choicest model thou hast ta'en."

ON JOHN BUSHBY, ESQ., TINWALD DOWNS

A great victory

Here lies John Bushby—honest man,
Cheat him, Devil—if you can!

THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL VICTORY

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men and give God thanks!
Desist, for shame!—proceed no further;
God won't accept your thanks for MURTHER!

IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE

In vain would Prudence with decorous sneer
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear:
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.
"Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest,
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest."
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all.

TO DR MAXWELL

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY

Maxwell, if here you merit crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave!—
An Angel could not die!

A proud tyrant

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N

ON HER PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY

How, Liberty! girl, can it be by thee nam'd?
Equality too! hussy, art not asham'd?
Free and Equal indeed, while mankind thou enchainest,
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest.

ON CHLORIS

REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A SPRIG OF BLOSSOMED THORN

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
"No, by Heaven!" I exclaim'd, "let me perish for ever,
Ere I plant in that bosom a thorn!"

TO THE HON. WM. R. MAULE OF PANMURE

Thou Fool, in thy phaeton towering,
Art proud when that phaeton's prais'd?
'Tis the pride of a Thief's exhibition
When higher his pillory's rais'd.

ON SEEING MRS KEMBLE IN YARICO

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet note of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

EPIGRAM ON A COUNTRY LAIRD

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON

A dull squire

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful, lifted eyes,
Who taught that not the soul alone,
But body too shall rise;
For had He said, "The soul alone
From death I will deliver,"
Alas, alas! O Cardoness,
Then hadst thou lain for ever.

ON BEING SHEWN A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT

BELONGING TO THE SAME LAIRD

We grant they're thine, those beauties all,
So lovely in our eye;
Keep them, thou eunuch, Cardoness,
For others to enjoy!

ON HEARING IT ASSERTED FALSEHOOD

IS EXPRESSED IN THE REV. DR BABINGTON'S VERY LOOKS

That there is falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny:
They say their Master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

ON A SUICIDE

Here lies in earth a root of Hell
Set by the Deil's ain dibble;
This worthless body damn'd himsel',
To save the Lord the trouble.

Andrew Turner

ON A SWEARING COXCOMB

Here cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or "Dem my eyes!"
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were "Dem my blood!"

ON AN INNKEEPER NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS"

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were
shamm'd;
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

ON ANDREW TURNER

In se'enteen hunder 'n forty-nine,
The deil gat stuff to mak a swine,
An' coost it in a corner;
But wilily he chang'd his plan,
An' shap'd it something like a man,
An' ca'd it Andrew Turner.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

COMPLIMENTS TO JOHN SYME OF RYEDALE

Verses to John Syme

LINES SENT WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER

O had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that even for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET

There's Death in the cup, so beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But who can avoid the fell snare,
The man and his wine's so bewitching!

APOLOGY FOR DECLINING AN INVITATION TO DINE

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

EPITAPH FOR MR GABRIEL RICHARDSON

Here Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink,—
In upright, virtuous morals.

Altar of Independence

EPIGRAM ON MR JAMES GRACIE

Gracie, thou art a man of worth,
O be thou Dean for ever!
May he be damn'd to hell henceforth,
Who fauts thy weight or measure!

INSCRIPTION AT FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT RIDDELL

To Riddell, much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Wand'rer, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR HERON

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear—
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

INSCRIPTION

Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my poems, presented to the Lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend, Inscription to Chloris
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst Peace in constant arms)
To join the Friendly Few;

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour
(And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower);

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
Of conscious Honour's part;
And (dearest gift of Heaven below)
Thine Friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of Sense and Taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

COMPLIMENTARY VERSICLES TO JESSIE LEWARS

THE TOAST

Fill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast, a toast divine;

Jessie Lewars

Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessie be her name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

THE MENAGERIE

Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessie, thou hast done:
But Jessie's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

JESSIE'S ILLNESS

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside!
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessie had not died.

ON HER RECOVERY

But rarely seen since Nature's birth
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessie did not die.

INSCRIPTION TO MISS JESSY LEWARS

ON A COPY OF THE SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM, IN FOUR VOLUMES, PRESENTED TO HER BY BURNS

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer,

That Fate may, in her fairest page, **A sad change**
With ev'ry kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill—but chief, Man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

DUMFRIES, *June* 26, 1796

LINES ON THE AUTHOR'S DEATH

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed.

Notes

P. 1. *Handsome Nell.*—Compare the *Epistle to Mrs Scott* (vol. i. p. 199 and note).

P. 2. *O Tibbie, etc.*—'This song I composed about the age of seventeen.'—*R. B.*

P. 4. *I dreamed I lay.*—'These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen; they are among the oldest of my printed pieces.'—*R. B.*

A ruined farmer.—Probably refers to the troubles of William Burness, the poet's father, at Mount Oliphant in 1776.

P. 6. *Here's to thy Health.*—The authorship is not quite certain.

P. 7. *The Lass of Cessnock Banks.*—The 'lass' may have been Elison Begbie, to whom Burns offered marriage (1780-81).

P. 9. *Bonie Peggy Alison.*—Both heroine and date are uncertain; the chorus is probably old.

P. 10. *Mary Morison.*—'The song . . . is one of my juvenile works . . . I do not think it very remarkable either for its merits or demerits.' —*R. B.* (1793).

P. 11. *Fickle Fortune.*—Written 'in imitation of an old Scotch song well known among the country ingle sides.'—*R. B.*

P. 13. *My Father, etc.*—'The following song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over.'—*R. B.* (1784).

P. 17. *Peggy dear.*—The heroine was Peggy Thomson, of Kirkoswald, where Burns spent part of his seventeenth year, but the song is probably of a later date.

P. 18. *My Nanie, O.*—There is uncertainty as to the

heroine of this song. The river-name in the first line is *Stinchar* in all the poet's editions, but in a letter to Thomson (Oct. 20, 1792) he calls this 'horribly prosaic,' and suggests various others: Thomson preferred *Lugar*.

P. 19. *Green grow the rashes.*—Suggested by older verses.

P. 21. *Stewart Kyle.*—The northern half of the district of Kyle in Ayrshire. *A Mauchline lady*, probably Jean Armour.

P. 22. *Five-and-twenty days.*—'Jan. 25th, 1759, the date of my Bardship's vital existence.'—*R. B.*

P. 23. *Young Peggy.*—Margaret Kennedy (1766-1795) was a niece of Gavin Hamilton's.

P. 24. *Farewell to Ballochmyle.*—'I composed the verses on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes had obliged him to sell the estate.'—*R. B.*

P. 25. *For a' that.*—An altered set of the Bard's song in *The Jolly Beggars* (vol. i. p. 83). The third verse appeared first in Pickering's edition, 1839.

P. 26. *The Rantin Dog.*—'I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at the time under a cloud.'—*R. B.*

P. 27. *Composed in Spring.*—'This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's. Menie is the common abbreviation of Mariamne.'—*R. B.* It is quite likely that the song is entirely his own, and refers to Jean Armour.

P. 28. *Will ye go to the Indies.*—'In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl.'—*R. B.* (Oct. 1792).

P. 29. *My Highland Lassie.*—'This was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My "Highland Lassie" was a warm-hearted, charming

young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarcely landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.'—*R. B.* This is all that Burns ever told about Mary Campbell.

P. 31. *And you.*—Captain James Montgomerie was at this time master of the Lodge.

Eliza.—Elizabeth Miller, one of the 'Belles of Mauchline.'

P. 32. *The Lass of Ballochmyle.*—The young lady was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander (died 1843). Burns never printed the song, either because the lady did not consent to its publication, or because the Edinburgh critics condemned it.

P. 34. *The Banks of Ayr.*—'I composed this song as I conveyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica.'—*R. B.*

P. 35. *Masonic Song.*—Said to have been recited by Burns when admitted as member of a lodge in Kilmarnock, Oct. 1786.

Yon Wild Mossy Mountains.—'The song alludes to a part of my private history which is of no consequence to the world to know.'—*R. B.*

P. 36. *Rattlin, roarin Willie.*—'The last stanza of this song is mine.'—*R. B.* The old song was thus adapted in compliment to William Dunbar, W.S. (died 1807), one of Burns' Edinburgh friends.

P. 37. *Bonie Dundee.*—Only the last eight lines are by Burns.

P. 41. *The Birks of Aberfeldy.*—'I composed these stanzas standing under the Falls of Moness at or near Aberfeldy.'—*R. B.*

P. 42. *Strathallan's Lament.*—James Drummond of Strathallan fled to France after the '45. 'To tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle.*'—*R. B.*

P. 43. *Castle Gordon.*—Burns visited the Duke and Duchess of Gordon at Gordon Castle on Sept. 7, 1787.

P. 45. *The Bonie Lass of Albanie.*—Charlotte Stuart (1753-1788), daughter of Prince Charles Edward and Clementina Walkinshaw, was styled Duchess of Albany.

P. 46. *Blythe was she.*—'I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochtertyre with Sir William Murray. The lady . . . was a well-known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose.' —*R. B.* The song is on an old model.

P. 47. *A Rose-bud, etc.*—'This song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruickshank, only child to my worthy friend Mr Wm. Cruickshank, of the High School, Edinburgh.'—*R. B.*

The Banks of the Devon.—'These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton. . . . She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.'—*R. B.*

P. 48. *Braving Angry Winter's Storms.*—'Peggy' (here and in the next song) was Margaret Chalmers (died 1843) cousin to Charlotte Hamilton.

P. 50. *Love, etc.*—The first two stanzas are by Clarinda (Mrs M'Lehose).

P. 51. *Go on, sweet bird.*—The song is Clarinda's, except the first four lines of the second stanza.

Clarinda. — Written on the eve of Burns' departure from Edinburgh in Feb. 1788.

P. 52. *I'm o'er young.*—'The chorus of this song is old; the rest of it, such as it is, is mine.' —*R. B.*

P. 53. *To the weavers.*—'The chorus of this song is old, the rest is mine. Here once for all let me apologise for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words, and in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together, anything nearly tolerable, I was fain to let them pass.'—*R. B.*

P. 54. *M'Pherson's Farewell.*—'M'Pherson, a daring robber in the beginning of this century, was condemned to be hanged at the Assizes of Inverness. He is said, when under sentence of death, to have composed this tune, which he calls his own Lament or Farewell.'—*R. B.* James M'Pherson was hanged at Banff in 1700.

P. 56. *Raving Winds, etc.*—'I composed these verses on Miss Isabella Macleod of Rasa, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudoun . . .'—*R. B.*

Up in the Morning.—'The chorus of this song is old; the two stanzas are mine.'—*R. B.* The other pieces on pp. 57-59 are also based on older songs.

P. 59. *Talk of him.*—'I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs M'Lachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies.' —*R. B.*

P. 63. *Of a' the airts.*—'The song I composed out of compliment to Mrs Burns. *N.B.*—It was during the honeymoon.'—*R. B.*

P. 64. *I hae a wife.*—Written shortly after the poet's marriage.

P. 65. *Anna thy charms.*—'The following is a *jeu d'esprit* of t'other day on a despairing lover, leading me to see his Dulcinea.'—*R. B.* The lover was Alexander Cunningham, one of Burns' Edinburgh friends, whose Anna afterwards chose another (*cf.* p. 154).

A Mother's Lament.—'Composed to commemorate the much lamented and premature death of James Fergusson, Esq., Junior of Craigdarroch.'—*R. B.* The lines also did duty for the only son of Mrs Stewart of Afton, who died a month later than Fergusson.

P. 66. *The Day Returns.*—Composed for the 'matrimonial anniversary' of Robert Riddell of Glenriddell.

P. 68. *It is na, Jean.*—'Originally English verses: I gave them their Scots dress.'—*R. B.*

P. 69. *Auld Lang Syne.*—Burns called this 'an old song,' but the lines are mainly his own after several old models.

P. 70. *My Bonie Mary.*—'The first half stanza is old; the rest is mine.—*R. B.*

Robin shure.—'I have brushed up the following old favourite song a little, with a view to your worship.'—*R. B.* (to Robert Ainslie, Jan. 6, 1789).

P. 71. *Sweet Afton.*—It would appear that the song was really composed as a 'compliment' to the River Afton, so that the name Mary need not be taken seriously.

P. 73. *Bonie Ann.*—'I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Allan Masterton.' —*R. B.*

The Gard'ner.—'The title of the song only is old; the rest is mine.'—*R. B.*

P. 74-75. Based on earlier songs.

P. 77. *I love my Love.*—Only the last stanza is by Burns.

P. 78. *The Captain's Lady* —Condensed from an older song.

John Anderson.—Suggested by older verses.

P. 79. *My Love, &c.*—The last stanza is old.

P. 81. *The Lassie's Best Sol.*—The first stanza is old.

P. 83. *When wearie, &c.*—'The air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this:—Mr Wm Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan (who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton) and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.'—*R. B.*

P. 84. *In the garden.*—Altered from an older song: see also p. 178.

P. 86. *Highland Harry.*—'The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane. The rest of the song is mine.'—*R. B.*

The Bonie Lass of Albanie.—Condensed from an older ballad by the Rev. John Barclay (1734-1798).

P. 92. *My Eppie, &c.*—The chorus is old.

P. 93. *The jovial Beggars.*—The song commemorates Burns' amours with Anne Park, of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.

P. 94. *Sae merrily, &c.*—'The chorus of this is part of an old song.'—*R. B.*

P. 95. *There's news in Town.*—The refrain is old.

P. 96. *The Bonie Moor Hen.*—The first two versions were sent to correspondents in March 1792; the third appeared in Johnson's *Museum*.

P. 98. *Craigieburn Wood.*—'The song was composed on a passion which a Mr Cuthbertson, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer. The chorus is part of an old forlorn ballad.'—*R. B.*

P. 100. *Bess and Thee.*—Composed on my little love—the charming border Dames.'—*R. B.* Miss Deborah Davies was a relative of Burns' friend, Captain Riddell.

P. 101. *What can a young Lassie.*—Suggested by older verses.

The Posie.—The idea is found in earlier songs.

P. 104. *Willie Stewart.*—The song is addressed to the factor at Closeburn, whose daughter is celebrated in the next. Both are modelled on a Jacobite ditty.

P. 105. *Wha is that, etc.*—Based on an older song.

P. 106. *Johnie Lad.*—Slightly altered from older lines.

P. 107. *Eppie Macnab.* Based on an older song.

P. 109. *Fair Eliza.*—Said to have been 'a young lady to whom Mr Hunter, a friend of Mr Burns, was much attached.'

P. 110. *Nithsdale's Welcome.*—Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable (1735-1801), whose grandfather, William, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, had been out in the '15, began to rebuild the family seat, Terreagles in Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1789.

P. 111. *Such a parcel of rogues, etc.*—The refrain and its Jacobite application are older than Burns.

P. 114. *O Kenmure's on, etc.*—William Gordon, sixth Viscount Kenmure, was out in the '15, and died on Tower Hill.

P. 115. *O May, thy Morn.*—Probably alludes to the parting with Clarinda, Dec. 6, 1791.

P. 116. *Ae fond Kiss.*—Sent to Clarinda, Dec. 27, 1791.

P. 117. *Behold the hour.*—Adapted from a current song, *Farewell to Nice*, and sent to Clarinda in 1791. A revised version was afterwards given to Thomson (p. 160).

Gloomy December.—Also sent to Clarinda in Dec. 1791.

P. 119. *I do confess, etc.*—'This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. . . . I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress.'—*R. B.* Far from improving, Burns only succeeded in making a dainty piece of verse 'common and vile.'

P. 120. *When she cam ben.*—The first two stanzas are old.

P. 123. *Lady Mary Ann.*—The first two stanzas are old.

P. 124-128. These five songs are based on older materials.

P. 132. The single stanzas are additions to songs by other hands.

Bonie Lesley.—'Composed . . . on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie of Mayfield, as she passed thro' this place to England.'—*R. B.* (*cf.* p. 149).

P. 135. *Highland Mary.*—'The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner. . . . The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I would be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity.'—*R. B.*

Auld Rob Morris.—The first two lines are old.

P. 136. *Duncan Gray.*—The general run of the song is old.

P. 138. *Here's a Health.*—Founded on an older Jacobite song. *Charlie*, Charles Fox. *Tammie*, the Hon. Thomas Erskine (1750-1823). *Maitland*, the Earl of Lauderdale. *Wycombe*, the Earl of Wycombe, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne.

P. 140. *Poortith Cauld.*—In reply to some criticisms by Thomson, Burns wrote: "The objections are just, but I cannot make it better. The stuff won't bear mending; yet, for private reasons, I should like to see it in print.'

P. 142. *Braw Lads o' Galla Water.*—Founded on older lines.

Wandering Willie.—Adapted from an old song. The alterations in the second version were mainly suggested by Thomson and the Hon. Andrew Erskine.

P. 144. *Lovely Young Jessie.*—A compliment to Miss Jessie Staig, daughter of the Provost of Dumfries.

P. 148. Dumouriez went over to the Austrian camp in Jan. 1793.

The Last Time, etc.—The opening line is old. *Maria* is Maria Riddell, but the song was altered after Burns had offended her (see p. 187).

P. 149. *Blythe hae I been.*—'One of the finest songs ever I made in my life, and is composed on a young lady, positively the most beautiful, lovely woman in the world' (viz., Miss Leslie Baillie, *cf.* p. 132).—*R. B.*

P. 151. *O were my Love.*—The second stanza is old.

P. 152. *There was a Lass.*—Intended as a description of Miss Jean M'Murdo. 'The personal charms, the purity of mind, the ingenuous *naiveté* of heart and manners in my heroine are, I flatter myself, a pretty just likeness of Miss M'Murdo in a cottage.'—*R. B.*

P. 153-154. Two attempts to provide English words for the tune of *Robin Adair*. The second has reference to Alexander Cunningham (*cf.* p. 65).

P. 155. *Whistle and I'll come.*—The chorus is old. The song has apparently reference to Jean Lorimer.

P. 156. *Phillis, etc.*—'She is a Miss Phillis M'Murdo, sister to the "Bonie Jean" which I sent you some time ago.'—*R. B.* (letter to Thomson).

P. 158. *Come, let me take.*—The second stanza is repeated from *Peggy Alison* (p. 9).

Dainty Davie.—A new version of *The Gaird'ner wi' his Paidle.*

P. 159. *Scots wha hae.*—First published anonymously in the *Morning Chronicle*, May 1794. According to Burns it was composed during an evening walk in August or September 1793, and inspired not merely by enthusiasm for Bannockburn, but 'by the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature not quite so ancient,' to wit, the French Revolution.

P. 160. *Behold the Hour.*—Alteration of the lines sent to Clarinda in 1791 (p. 117).

P. 161. *Down the Burn.*—Alteration of a verse in an older song.

P. 166. *A royal ghaist.*—James I. of Scotland. *A Fiddler.*—Neil Gow (1727-1807). The idea that James I. had something to do with Scottish music was not Burns' own invention.

P. 167. *A red, red Rose.*—Based on older verses.

P. 173. *It was a', etc.*—Suggested by an older song.

P. 174. *On the Seas.*—'I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that it appears rather a flimsy business.'—*R. B.*

P. 176. *Ca' the Yowes.*—See Note to p. 84.

P. 179. *Saw ye my dear.*—Altered from *Eppie Macnab* (p. 107).

How lang and dreary.—Compare the earlier version on p. 57.

P. 180. *Let not Women.*—'I have been at *Duncan Gray* to dress it in Scottish, but all I can do is deplorably stupid.'—*R. B.*

P. 183. *The charming Month.*—Alteration of an older song.

P. 184. *Lassie, etc.*—'The piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral; the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded.'—*R. B.* The 'lassie' is Chloris (Jean Lorimer).

P. 187. *Contented wi' little.*—Burns described the song as 'the picture of my mind.'

Farewell, thou Stream.—Alteration of the song on p. 148.

P. 190. *The Tear-drop.*—The last stanza is not original.

Somebody.—Based on older songs.

P. 191. *For a' that.*—'The piece is not really poetry.' —*R. B.* The phrase *for a' that* belongs to older songs (*cf.* p. 25).

P. 192. *Craigieburn.*—Compare the earlier set on p. 99.

P. 193-197. Echoes of older songs.

P. 198. *O wat ye wha, etc.*—In some copies the name is Lucy, in allusion to Mrs Oswald of Auchencruive.

P. 200-201. Probably adapted from older sets.

P. 201. *The lass that made, etc.*—Founded on an old song of which several versions are extant.

P. 204. *Had I the wyte.*—The first two lines are old.

P. 207. *How cruel.*—Slightly altered from an older song.

P. 217. *News, lasses, news.*—The words are mainly old.

P. 218. *Crowdie ever mair.*—The first stanza and chorus are old.

P. 221. *A health.*—Jessie Lewars, the sister of one of Burns' friends, helped to nurse the poet during his last illness. See pages 329-331.

P. 222. *O wert thou, etc.*—Also written as a compliment to Jessie Lewars.

P. 223. *Fairest maid.*—Burns' last song, July 12, 1796.

P. 227. *Tragic fragment.*—'I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth. . . . In those days I never wrote down anything; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The following, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character [etc.].'—*R. B.*

P. 231. *A Prayer.*—This and the other religious pieces following probably belong to the period of Burns' residence in Irvine in 1781-82.

P. 235. *Apostrophe to Ferguson.*—Written in a copy of Fergusson's poems which Burns presented to a Miss Carmichael in Edinburgh.

P. 238. The epitaph on the poet's father is inscribed on his tombstone in Alloway Churchyard.

P. 239. The 'Country Squire' was a Mr Campbell, of Netherplace near Mauchline.

P. 241. *Reply, etc.*—The announcement related to Elizabeth Paton (see vol. i. p. 5).

P. 242. *Ruisseaux* is a punning disguise of *Burns*.

P. 245. *Pict-built mansion.*—'Sundrum.' *Ancient tower*, 'Stair.' *Martial boy*, 'Captain James Montgomerie, Master of St James' Lodge, Tarbolton, to which the author has the honour

to belong.' *A mansion fine*, 'Auchinleck.' P. 264. *Whitefoord*, 'Ballochmyle.' *That village*, 'Mauchline.' *Wilhelmina*, sc. 'Alexander.' *Moorland Plaid*, 'Cumnock.' P. 247. *Gray*, 'Mr Farquhar Gray.' *Cessnock*, 'Auchenskieth.' *A name*, 'Caprington.' *Brydone's ward*, 'Colonel Fullarton.' *His kinsman*, 'Dr Fullarton.' *A pleasant spot*, 'Orangefield.'—*R. B.*

P. 248. *To John Kennedy*, factor to the Earl of Dumfries. The verses conclude a prose epistle.

P. 250. *To Mr M'Adam.*—Written extempore in Nance Tinnock's tavern.

P. 253. *Stanzas on naething.*—The idea is found in older pieces.

P. 256. *The Calf.*—'A nearly extemporaneous production, on a wager with Mr Hamilton, that I would not produce a poem on the subject in a given time.'—*R. B.* Burns considered it worth inserting in the Edinburgh edition of his poems.

P. 258. *Lines to Kennedy.*—The conclusion of a letter.

To an old sweetheart.—Written in a copy of his poems presented to Peggy Thomson of Kirkoswald.

P. 259. *Willie Chalmers.*—'Mr Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows.'—*R. B.*

P. 260. *Prayer.*—'Lying at a reverend friend's house one night the author left the following verses in the room where he slept.'—*R. B.* The friend was Dr Lawrie of Loudoun.

P. 263. *Inscription.*—The first stanza is inscribed on the tombstone in the Canongate Churchyard, erected at Burns' expense.

P. 264. *Passion's Cry.* 'A married lady of my ac-

quaintance, whose *crim. con.* amour with a certain Captain has made some noise in the world, is supposed to write to him now in the West Indies,' etc.—*R. B.* The lines are only a fragment.

P. 266. *Prologue.*—William Woods (1751-1802) was a leading Edinburgh actor.

P. 268. *Miss Burns* was well known (for no good) in Edinburgh during Burns' stay there.
William Nicol (1744-97) was classical master in Edinburgh High School, and accompanied Burns on his Highland tour.

P. 269. *To Miss Ainslie.*—Written in the Church of Duns, while Miss Ainslie was searching for the preacher's text.

P. 270. *Inverary.* — Burns was there on June 26, 1787.
John M'Leod of Rasay died July 20, 1787; his sister was Miss Isabella M'Leod (*cf.* p. 56).

P. 272. *Impromptu.*—Written on the window of the Inn at Carron, Aug. 26, 1787.
A censorious critic.—The Rev. Mr Hamilton of Gladsmuir, East Lothian.

P. 273. *Taymouth.*—Was visited by Burns on Aug. 29, 1787.

P. 274. *Fall of Fyers.*—Visited on Sept. 5, 1787.

P. 275. *Miss Cruickshank.*—Compare the song addressed to her (p. 47).

P. 276. *Cruickshank* died in 1795, but the epitaph was probably written while Burns lived with him in Edinburgh.
To Clarinda.—The refrain, also employed in Clarinda's verses, was not original.

P. 278. *To Cunningham.*—Anna married another, and Cunningham's disappointment forms the theme of the songs *She's fair and fause* and *Had I a Cave.*

P. 279. *In Friar's Carse.*—For the revised version see vol. i. p. 218.

P. 281. *Pegasus, etc.*—Written in an inn while the smith was frosting the horse's shoes.

On Creech.—Intended as part of the *Poet's Progress*. For Creech see vol. i. p. 201.

P. 282. *On Smellie.*—William Smellie (1740-1795), printer and author, was a prominent member of the 'Crochallan' club.

The Poet's Progress.—Intended to form part of an extensive poem, these lines were afterwards converted into the *Second Epistle to Graham* (see vol. i. p. 252).

P. 285. *A new Psalm.*—Sent to the London *Star*, and printed under the assumed name of 'Duncan M'Leerie.' P. 286. *That young man*, Pitt. *The judge*, Lord Thurlow. *M'Gill*, compare *The Kirk's Alarm* (vol. i. p. 271).

P. 287. *A favour.*—The excise appointment commemorated in the next piece.

P. 288. *A gentleman.*—Probably Peter Stuart, editor of the London *Star* (see the next piece).

P. 293. *On Capt. Grose.*—A parody of an old song.

P. 294. *Prologue.*—Written for Mr Sutherland the actor.

P. 296. *Elegy.*—The mare died at Ellisland.

Scots Prologue.—Spoken on March 3rd, 1790.

P. 298. *Sketch, etc.*—Evidently a preliminary attempt at the *Elegy for Matthew Henderson* (vol. i. p. 237).

P. 299. *On the birth, etc.*—The child was that of Madame Henri, daughter of Mrs Dunlop, and was born in Nov. 1790.

P. 300. *Lines to Sir John Whitefoord.*—Sent with a copy of the *Lament for Glencairn* (vol. i. p. 249).

P. 301. *Elegy.*—Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, died on June 17, 1790. Burns was not satisfied with the elegy, and did not print it.

P. 306. *To the shade of Thomson.*—Written for the Earl of Buchan's commemoration of Thomson in 1791.

P. 308. *At Brownhill Inn.*—Bacon was the landlord's name.

P. 311. *On some Commemorations*, etc.—Burns' real

opinion of the Earl of Buchan's festival, sent to an Edinburgh newspaper.

P. 313. *The Loyal Natives* was the name of a club in Dumfries, founded in 1793. Its president was Commissary Goldie.

Rodney's Victory was won off Dominica, April 12, 1782.

P. 315. *On a Lap-dog.*—Written to please Mrs Gordon of Kenmore, who owned the dog.

P. 319. *Remorseful Apology.*—No doubt to excuse the poet's rudeness at Woodley Park in Jan. 1794, which so much offended Mrs Riddell.

P. 320. *Monody.*—One of the 'ill-natured things, of which Mrs Riddell was the undeserving theme.

P. 321. *Sonnet.*—Captain Riddell died April 20, 1794.

P. 323. *Thanksgiving.*—The lines are scarcely original. *In vain*, etc. From a letter to Clarinda, June 25, 1794.

P. 327. *John Syme* (1755-1831) was Distributor of Stamps in Dumfries, and accompanied Burns on a tour through Galloway in 1793.

*** The pieces entitled *A Mauchline Wedding* (p. 243), *On Marriage* (p. 292), *A Sonnet upon Sonnets* (p. 292), *Sketch for an Elegy* (p. 298), *To the Hon. W. Maule* (p. 324), are reprinted, with the consent of the publishers, from the *Centenary Edition* of the poet's works (Messrs T. C. and E. C. Jack, Edinburgh).

Glossary

A', *all*, 1, 6, etc.
Abeigh, *aloof*, 136.
Aboon, *above*, 25, etc.
Ae, *one*, *only*, 52, 197, etc.
Aiblins, *perhaps*, 86, 228.
Aik, *oak*, 46, etc.
Ain, *own*, 16, 25, etc.
Airle penny, *earnest-money*, 108, 127; airles, 252.
Airn, *iron*, 296.
Airt, *direction*, 3, 63, 222.
Airt, *to direct*, 200.
Ajee, *ajar*, 156.
Ance, *once*, 53, etc.
Ane, *one*, 25, etc.
Asklent, *askance*, 136.
Athort, *athwart*, 167.
Auld, *old*, 19, 21, etc.; aulder, 52.
Awald, *supine*, 145.

Bairn, *child*, 128.
Baudrons, *the cat*, 123.
Bawk, *a field path*, 47.
Beck, *a curtsey*, 228.
Beet, *to add fuel to*, 130.
Befa', *befall*, 18.
Beld, *bald*, 61, 78, 200.
Ben, *a parlour*, 129; *into the parlour*, 80, 120, 205.
Bickered, *hurried*, 21.
Bide, *endure*, 10.
Biel', bield, *shelter*, *sheltered spot*, 129, 131, 182, 222.
Bien, *comfortable*, 44, 131.
Big, *to build*, 38, 110.
Bike, *swarm*, 166.
Billy, *comrade*, 272.
Birk, *birch*, 41, etc.
Birken, *of birch*, 46, 62.
Birkie, *fellow*, 191, 269, 309.
Blae, *blue*, 81, 167.
Blate, *bashful*, 196.
Blaud, *a large piece*, 253.
Blaw, *to boast*, 80.
Blink, *a glance*, 46, 130, etc.; *a moment*, 44, 91, etc.
Blink, *to glance*, *sparkle*, 41, 44; blinkin, 84.
Blin't, *blinded*, 37.
Blitter, *mire-snipe*, 55.
Bluntie, *a stupid person*, 108.
Bode, *look for*, 7.
Bole, *recess*, 120.
Bonie, *beautiful*, *pretty*, 1, 6, etc.; *finely*, 19.
'Boon, *above*, 101.
Boord-en', *table-end*, 37.
Boot, *extra payment*, 81; o' boot, *in addition*, 239.
Bouk, *body*, 87.
Bow-hough'd, *with crooked thighs*, 122.
Brae, *bank*, *slope*, 24, 32, etc.
Brankie, *gay*, *fine*, 89.
Branks, *bridle*, 259.
Braw, *fine*, *grand*, 1, 10, etc.
Brawly, *finely*, 26, 108, 121.
Brechan, *horse-collar*, 259.
Breckan, *fern*, 210.
Brent, *smooth*, *bright*, 78.
Bree, *juice*, 83.
Brig, *bridge*, 88.
Brose, *meal mixed with boiling water*, 88.
Browst, *a brewing*, 59.
Brulyie, *quarrel*, *broil*, 171.
Buckie, *fellow*, 289, 309.
Buckle, *curl*, 81.
Bughtin-time, *folding-time*, 133.
Burn, *a brook*, 178, etc.; burnie, 42, 131.
Buskit, *dressed*, 121; buskit-up, 254.
Buss, *bush*, 182.
But, *without*, 182, etc.
Butt, *a kitchen*, 129.
Bye attour, *moreover*, 200.

Ca', *to call, to drive*, 75; *to work*, 92; ca' thro', *to work hard*, 41.
Callan, *a boy*, 249, 251.
Caller, *cool*, 131.
Cannie, *quiet*, 20, 100; *careful*, 230; *carefully*, 19, 129.
Cannilie, *quietly*, 37, 38.
Cantie, *merry*, 78, 89.
Care na by, *care not*, 2, 19, 82.
Carl, *old man*, 40; carlie, 128.
Chap, *fellow*, 22.
Chittering, *shivering*, 57.
Chuckie, *a hen, a woman*, 44.
Clamb, *climbed*, 78.
Clankie, *a smart knock*, 89.
Clappin, *patting*, 127.
Clarty, *dirty*, 288.
Clatter, *gossip*, 27; *noise*, 204.
Claught, *seized*, 312.
Claughtin, *scraping*, 230.
Claut, *a large quantity*, 109, 145.
Claver, *clover*, 129, 131.
Claw, *to scratch*, 187.
Cleed, *to clothe*, 38, 62, 131.
Clink, *coin*, 3.
Clout, *a patch*, 205.
Clud, *a cloud*, 87.
Cod, *a pillow*, 202, 217.
Coft, *bought*, 199.
Cog, *a wooden dish*, 88, 187.
Coggie, *a wooden dish*, 81, 94.
Collieshangie, *quarrel*, 289.
Coof, *a dolt, stupid*, 22, 72, 109.
Cooser, *a stallion*, 289.
Coost, *tossed*, 136, 326.
Couthy, *kind*, 213, 309.
Crack, *to talk*, 26.
Crack, *conversation*, 240.
Craft-rig, *croft-ridge*, 218.
Craigie, *neck*, 172.
Craik, *landrail*, 131.
Craw, *to crow*, 33.
Creepie-chair, *the stool of repentance*, 26.
Crooded, *cooed*, 21.
Crouse, *merry*, 137.
Crowdie, *meal mixed with milk*, 88, 218.
Curch, *cap*, 44.
Cushat, *a wood-dove*, 21, 131.

Daft, *crazed*, 25, 289.
Dang, *pret. of* ding.
Daunton, *to subdue*, 60.
Daut, dawt, *to fondle*, 204.
Dautie, *darling, pet*, 136.
Daw, *to dawn*, 56, 83; dawin, 44.
Dawin, *the dawning*, 91, 193.
Dead, *death*, 86, 100.
Deave, *to annoy*, 80, 122, 212.
Deil, *devil*; deil a ane, 3.
Dibble, *planting-stick*, 325.
Dight, *to wipe*, 204.
Din, *dark-skinned*, 122, 228.
Ding, *to beat, knock*, 271; dang, 128, 166, 194.
Dink, *neat*, 40.
Dirl, *to rattle*, 166.
Doit, *to make stupid*, 271.
Doited, *stupid*, 201, 259.
Donsie, *ill-tempered*, 128.
Dool, *sorrow*, 84, 93, 95.
Doolfu', *sorrowful*, 131.
Douce, *grave, sober*, 20; doucer, 289.
Doudle, *to fondle*, 37.
Dought, *could*, 271, 272.
Doup, *posteriors*, 289.
Dour, *stubborn, sour*, 122, 228.
Dow, *a dove*, 87.
Dow, *can*, 61, 150.
Dowff, *downcast*, 133.
Dowie, *sad*, 50, 86, 168.
Downa-do, *want of power*, 128.
Doylt, *stupid*, 102.
Dozend, dozin, *benumbed*, 102.
Drants, *long discourses*, 230.
Dree, *to endure, suffer*, 27, 169.
Dreigh, *wearisome*, 58.
Drone, *part of the bagpipes*, 165.
Drouk, *to soak*, 120; droukit, 80.
Drumlie, *muddy, turbid*, 4, 134, 150, etc.
Dub, *a pool*, 250.
Duds, *clothes, rags*, 87.
Dunt, *a knock*, 64.
Dyke, *a wall*, 56; dykeside, 250.
Dyvor, *bankrupt*, 68.

E'e-brie, *eyebrow*, 38.

E'enin', *evening*, 33, 102.
Eerie, *full of fear*, 52, 57, 133.
Eild, *old age*, 129, 182.

Fa', *lot*, 138, 187.
Fa', *to obtain*, 191; *to deserve*, 103.
Fash, *to trouble*, 241.
Faught, *a fight*, 130, 187.
Faught, *fought*, 89.
Fauld, *a fold*, 55, 167.
Fauld, *to fold sheep*; a-fauld-ing, 176.
Faulding-slap, *the opening in a sheep fold*, 28.
Faun, *fallen*, 72.
Fause, *false*, 72.
Faut, *fault*, 10, 22, etc.; *lack*, 94.
Fauter, *defaulter*, 26.
Fecht, *fight*, 218.
Feck, *greater part*, 126.
Fecket, *waistcoat*, 81.
Feirrie, *active*, 128.
Fen', *shift*, 80.
Fen', *to make shift*, 94.
Fere, *comrade*, 70.
Ferlie, *wonder*, 72.
Fey, *death-doomed*, 87.
Fidgin fain, *excited with joy*, 26.
Fiel, *soft*, 131.
Fien', fient, *fiend*, *devil*; fient a, *not a*, 2, 70; fient haet, *not a thing*, 71.
Fit, *foot*, 69.
Fleech, *to beg*, 137.
Fley, *to scare*; fley'd, 52, 151.
Flyte, *to scold*, 196.
Foor (*pa. t. of* fare), *went*, 58, 90.
Forbye, *besides*, 122, 200.
Forgather, *to meet with*, 187, 240.
Fou, *drunk*, 81, 83.
Foumart, *pole-cat*, 91.
Freathing, *foaming*, 253.
Fu'-han't, *full-handed*, 130.
Furder, *to speed*, *prosper*, 172.
Furr, *a furrow*, 89.
Fushionless, *pithless*, 128.
Fyke, *to fidget*, 166.
Fyle, *to dirty*, 123.

Gab, *mouth*, 61.
Gae, *to go*; gaed, *went*, 2, 10, etc.
Gairs, *gores* (of a dress), 39.
Gar, *to make*, *cause*, 2, 3, etc.; gart, 53.
Gate, *road*, *way*, 85, 106, 127; gate-end, 178.
Gaud, *goad*, 75.
Gaun, *going*, 90, 195.
Gaunt, *to yawn*, 288.
Gear, *wealth*, *money*, 2, 3, 16, etc.; *stuff*, 249.
Geck, *to toss the head*, 2.
Genty, *elegant*, 40, 73, 75.
Ghaist, *ghost*, 28.
Gin, *if*, 53, 241, etc.
Gin, *by the time of*, 52.
Girrs, *hoops*, 201.
Glaikit, *foolish*, 289.
Glaum, *to grasp*, 87.
Gled, *a kite*, 89.
Gleg, *sharp*, *quick*, 214, 251.
Glieb, *a field*, 109.
Glint, *to flash*, 57, 180.
Gloamin, *twilight*; gloamin-shot, 205.
Glowr, *to stare*, 66, 150, 213.
Gowan, *a daisy*, 18, 69.
Gowd, *gold*, 77.
Gowden, *golden*, 39, 93.
Graff, *grave*, 200, 239.
Graithing, *outfit*, 254.
Grat, *wept*, 137.
Gravat, *cravat*, 194.
Gree, *prize*, *superiority*, 45, 192, 228.
Gree, *to agree*, 82, 252.
Greet, *to weep*, 86, 96.
Groanin-maut, *malt for a lying-in*, 26.
Grunzie, *snout*, 123.
Gude, guid, *good*.
Gude-willie, *hearty*, 70.
Guidman, *the head of a household*, 19.
Gutcher, *grandfather*.

Ha', *hall*, 10.
Haffet, *the temple*; haffet-locks, 44.
Hallan, *a partition screening the outer door of a cottage*; hallan en', 218.

Hallan-door, *inner door*, 125.
Hang, *see* hing.
Hansel, *a New-year's gift*, 22; hansel throne, *maiden-throne*, 9.
Harry, *to plunder*, 172.
Haslock woo, *fine wool from the neck of the sheep*, 199.
Haud, *to hold*, 19.
Hauver-meal, *oat-meal*, 37.
Hazel-rice, *a hazel-twig*, 299.
Hecht, *to promise*, 145; *to threaten*, 253.
Heckle, *a flax-comb*, 92.
Heich, *high*, 200.
Hem-shin'd, *crook-shinned*, 122.
Heuk, *reaping-hook*, 70.
Hie, *high*, 84, 85, etc.
Hing, *to hang*, 24, 40; hang, *hung*, 32, 33.
Hinnie, *honey*, 90, 108.
Hirple, *to limp*, 61, 102, 299.
Hizzie, *hussy*, 137, 289.
Hoast, *to cough*, 102, 260.
Hoddin, *coarse cloth*, 191.
Hoggie, *a young sheep*, 55.
Houlet, *owl*, 55.
Hurdies, *hips*, 244-254.
Hurl, *to wheel*, 248.
Hushion, *a stocking leg*, 123.

Ingine, *genius*, 249.
Ingle, *hearth*, 123.
Ingle-gleed, *hearth-coal*, 44.
Ingle-lowe, *the fire*, 120.
Ingle-neuk, *chimney-corner*, 307.
Ither, *other*, 19.

Jauner, *foolish chatter*, 200.
Jimp, *slender*, 67, 244; jimply, 73.
Jimps, *short gown*, 39.
Jink, *to dart*, *move quickly*, 131, 124.
Jirkenet, *jacket*, 39.
Jiz, *wig*, 244.
Jo, *sweetheart*, 161.

Kail, *broth*, 250.
Keek, *to peep*, 244; keekit, 22.
Keekin-glass, *mirror*, 308.
Ken, *to know*; ken't, *knew*, 16.
Kimmer, *wench*, 40, 250.
Kintra, *country*, 27, 54.
Kittle, *ticklish*, 264.
Knowe, *a knoll*, *hillock*, 61, 120.
Knurl, *dwarf*, 145.
Kye, *cows*, *kine*, 3, 19, etc.

Lade, *load*, 107.
Laich, laigh, *low*, 131, 200.
Laik, *lack*, 2.
Lang-tochered, *well-dowered*, 82.
Lap, *leaped*, 45, 56.
Lave, *rest*, *remainder*, 82; the lave, *the others*, 86.
Lav'rock, *lark*, 24, etc.
Lawin, *reckoning*, 94.
Lear, *learning*, 3.
Leddy, *lady*, 227.
Lee-lang, *live-long*, 45, 50, 55, etc.
Leesome, *delightful*, 130.
Leeze me (*leif is me*), *my blessing* (on), 22, 58, 130.
Ley-crap, *lea-crop*, 218.
Libbet, *gelded*, 289.
Lightly, *to scorn*. 2.
Lin, linn, *a waterfall*, 42, 55, etc.
Lintwhite, *linnet*, 27, 131.
Lo'e, *love*, 6, 25.
Loof, *palm*, 22, 123, etc.
Loot, *let*, 212.
Loun, *fellow*, *rascal*, 89, 204.
Loup, lowp, *to leap*, 137.
Luckie, *dame*, 44.
Lug, *ear*, 119, 138.
Lyart, *hoary*, 200.

Mae, *more* (in number), 83.
Mahoun, *Satan*, 129.
Mailen, *a farm*, 145, 147, 212.
Maukin, *a hare*, 90.
Maun, *must*; maunna, *must not*.
Mawn, *a large basket*, 201.
Mawn, *mown*, 38.
Meikle, *much*, 25, 72, etc.
Midden-creels, *dung-baskets*, 123.

Mim-mou'd, *prim-mouthed*, 259.
Mirk, *dark*, 18, 94, 111; mirksome, 201.
Moop, *to meddle*, 195.
Muir, *moor*, 5.

Naig, *a nag*; naigie, 172, etc.
Nowt, *cattle*, 257.

O'erword, *refrain*, 140.
Or, *ere*, 91.
Oughtlins, *in any degree*, 289.
Owre, *over*, 18, etc.; owre and owre, 16.
Owsen, *oxen*, 75, 133.
Oxter'd, *supported by the arms*, 145.

Paidle, *to paddle*, 69.
Paidle, *to wander aimlessly*, 128.
Paidle, *a hoe*, 73.
Paitrick, *partridge*, 131.
Pat, *put*, 62.
Pawkie, *sly and humorous*, 214.
Pechin, *pantin*, 259.
Penny-fee, *wages in money*, 19.
Philibeg, *kilt*, 87.
Poortith, *poverty*, 80, 139.
Pouch, *pocket*, 3.
Pow, *head*, 78, 120, 182.
Prief, *proof*, 308.

Quean, *girl*, 3.
Quo' (quoth) *said*, 22.

Rade, *rode*, 21.
Ramgunshoch, *surly*, 204.
Randy, *ruffian*, 68, 204.
Rantin, *merry, lively*, 37.
Rash, *a rush*, 19.
Rashy, *overgrown with rushes*, 29.
Rax, *to stretch*, 289.
Rebute, *rebuff*, 196.
Rede, *to advise*, 38, 53, 71.
Reif randies, *sturdy beggars*, 68.
Rig, *a ridge*, 15.
Ripplin-kame, *flax-comb*, 204.
Rock, *distaff*, 58, 120, 200.
Roose, *to praise, flatter*, 75, 250, 260.
Rottan, *a rat*, 144.
Routh, *abundance*, 72.
Routhie, *well-provided*, 129.
Rowe, *to flow*, 64, 77, 84, rowin, 104.
Rowe, *to wrap*, 85; row'd, 84.
Rowt, *to bellow*, 257.
Rung, *a cudgel*, 91.

Sair, *to serve*, 251.
Sairie, *sorry*, 194.
Sark, *shirt*, 3, 203.
Scroggie, *covered with stunted bushes*, 55, 171.
Shachl't, *shuffling*, 213.
Scho, *she*, 22.
Shaw, *wood, grove*, 42, 46.
Shaw, *to show*, 141, 204.
Shearer, *reaper*, 185.
Sheugh, *ditch*, 87.
Shiel, *a hut*, 129.
Shill, *shrill*, 18, 28, etc.
Shore, *to threaten*, 196, 251.
Shure, *reaped*, 70.
Siller, *silver*, 81; *money*, 6, 80, etc.
Sinny, *sunny*, 109.
Skeigh, *shy, distant*, 58, 136.
Skelp, *a slap*, 187.
Skelp, *to run*, 260.
Sklent, *to direct obliquely*, 249.
Skyrin, *bright-coloured*, 87.
Slae, *sloe*, 81.
Slidd'ry, *slippery*, 30.
Smoor, *to smother*, 137.
Snapper, *to stumble*, 187.
Snell, *keen*, 197.
Snick, *a latch*, 252.
Snood, *a ribbon for the hair*, 62.
Snool, *to snub*, 108.
Sonsy, *buxom, jolly*, 229.
Sough, *a sighing noise*, 87.
Sowther, *to solder, patch up*, 187.
Speel, *to climb*, 248.
Speer, spier, *to ask*, 3, 82, etc.
Spinning-graith, *spinning apparatus*, 58.
Spunkie, *spirit*, 249.
Spring, *a dance-tune*, 45, 54.
Stack, *stuck*, 70.

Staig, *a young horse*, 124.
Stang, *to sting*, 25.
Staw, *stole*, 97.
Steek, *a stitch*, 230.
Steek, *to close*, 244.
Sten, *a leap, bound*, 80.
Stent, *a tax*, 289.
Stir, *sir*, 22.
Stirk, *a young ox*, 257.
Stoit, *to stagger*, 271. *See* Stoyte.
Stot, *an ox*, 124, 257.
Stoun(d), *a pang, throb*, 53, 85, 300.
Stound, *to throb*, 100.
Stour, *dust*, 2, 90, etc.; *turmoil*, 10.
Stourie, *dusty*, 120.
Stown, *stolen*, 122, 152.
Stownlins, *stealthily*, 198.
Stoyte, *to stagger*, 187. *See* Stoit.
Strade, *stroke*, 86.
Strath, *valley*, 36.
Sturt, *violence*, 54, 263.
Strunt, *liquor*, 144.
Swap, *exchange*, 239.
Swap, *to exchange*, 81.
Swarf, *to swoon*, 88.
Swatch, *sample*, 253.
Swats, *ale*, 187.
Swith awa', *begone*, 68.
Swoor, *swore*, 58, 88.
Sybow, *an onion*, 250.

Tack, *lease*, 289, 309.
Tappit-hen, *quart-measure*, 105.
Tapsalteerie, *topsy-turvy*, 20, 166.
Tassie, *a goblet*, 70.
Temper-pin, *regulating pin*, 58.
Tent, *to look after, tend*, 26, 35, 47, etc.
Tentie, *careful*, 27.
Tentless, *careless*, 15.
Theekit, *thatched*, 131.
Thowe, *a thaw*, 182.
Thraw, *to thwart*, 25.
Thraws, *throes*, 150.
Thrissle, *thistle*, 89.
Thrum, *a thread*, 53.
Tine, *to lose*, 186, etc.; tint, 44, 72, 96; *to get lost*, 100, 104, 134.
Tirl, *to rattle*, 170, 272.
Tocher, *dowry*, 59, 108, 140, etc.
Tocher, *to dower*, 228.
Tocher-band, *marriage-settlement*, 104.
Tocher-gude, *marriage-portion*, 39, 132.
Tod, *a fox*, 55.
Toom, *empty*, 81.
Toss, *toast*, 200.
Tow, *a rope*, 120.
Towmond, *a year*, 187, 229.
Trig, *neat*, 123.
Trinklin, *flowing*, 219.
Troke, *to trade*, 249.
Trowth, *troth!* 2.
Tryste, *a fair, market*, 152, 213.
Trysted, *pre-arranged*, 10.
Trysting, *meeting* (of lovers), 146, 198.
Twa-fauld, *doubled-up*, 61.
Tyke, *a dog, cur*, 56.

Ulzie, *oil*, 244.
Unco, *strange*, 52, 56; *very great*, 130.
Unco, *greatly, exceedingly*, 45.
Unchancy, *dangerous*, 249.

Vogie, *proud*, 55.
Vow but, *assuredly*, 55.

Wab, *web*, 53.
Wabster, *weaver*, 122.
Wad, *would*. Wadna, *would not*; wad a haen, *would have had*, 82.
Wae, *sad*, 45, 57.
Wae gae by, *mischief take*, 26.
Wair'd, *expended*, 259.
Wale, *choice*, 135, 229.
Wale, *to choose*, 129.
Walie, waly, *large, goodly*, 22, 123.
Waly fa', *ill befall*, 218.
Wame, *belly*, 293, 311.
War'ly, *worldly*, 19, 20.
Warstle, *a struggle*, 134.

Warstle, *to struggle*, 260; *to wrestle*, 298.
Washen, *washed*, 9.
Wat, *wet*, 18, 24, etc.
Wat, *wot*, *know*, 44, 91.
Waught, *a draught*, 70.
Wauk, *to wake*, *awaken*, 27.
Wauken, *to awaken*, 28.
Waukin, *watching*, 80.
Waukrife, *wakeful*, 91.
Waur, *worse*, 22, 77.
Wean, *a child*, 217, 218, etc.
Wee, *little*, 59, 91, etc.; a wee, *a little*, 84, 129.
Weel-tochered, *well-dowered*, 82, 230.
Weet, *to wet*, 42.
Weet, *wet*, 196.
Weird, *fate*, 197.
Westlin, *western*, 16, 18, 53.
Whase aught, *who owns*, 298.
Whatna, *what*, 21.
Whaup, *a curlew*, 241.
Widdifu', *wretched*, 145.
Wimplin, *purling*, 38.
Winna, *will not*.
Wintle, *to wriggle*, 240.
Wud, *mad*, 125.
Wyte, *blame*, 204.

YERD, *earth*, 96.
Ye'se, *you shall*, 85.
Yett, *gate*, 71.
Yeukin, *itching*, 289.
Yill, *ale*, 130.
Yird, *earth*, 218.
Yisk, *to hiccup*, 307.
Yon, *yonder*.
Yowe, *ewe*, 59, 61, etc.

Index of First Lines and Choruses

	PAGE
A head, pure, sinless quite of brain and soul	281
A lassie, all alone, was making her moan	166
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight	281
A rosebud by my early walk	47
A slave to love's unbounded sway	221
A' the lads o' Thorniebank	44
Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu!	30
Admiring Nature in her wildest grace	273
Adown winding Nith I did wander	156
Ae day as Death, that gruesome carl	240
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever	116
Again rejoicing Nature sees	27
Again the silent wheels of Time	261
Ah, Chloris, since it may not be	178
Ah, woe is me, my mother dear	236
All villain as I am—a damnèd wretch	227
Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller	107
Altho' my back be at the wa'	26
Altho' my bed were in yon muir	4
Altho' thou maun never be mine	221
Amang the trees where humming bees	165
Among the heathy hills and ragged woods	274
An honest man here lies at rest	238
An somebody were come again	81
An ye had been where I hae been	89
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie	218
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December	117
And Charlie, he's my darling	170
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet	9
And maun I still on Menie doat	27
And O for ane and twenty, Tam	108
And O my Eppie, my jewel, my Eppie	83

	PAGE
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire	65
As cauld a wind as ever blew	308
As down the burn they took their way	161
As father Adam first was fool'd	239
As I cam by Crochallan	37
As I gaed down the water side	84
As I gaed up by yon gate end	178
As I stood by yon roofless tower	166
As I was walking up the street	219
As Tam the Chapman on a day	240
Ask why God made the gem so small	300
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer	308
Awa, Whigs, awa	89
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties	157
Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms	220
Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley	171
Beauteous rosebud, young and gay	275
Behind yon hills where Lugar flows	18
Behold the hour, the boat, arrive	117, 160
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes	239
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie	99
Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness	325
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day	314
Bythe, blythe and merry was she	46
Blythe hae I been on yon hill	149
Bonie lassie, will ye go	41
Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing	100
Braw braw lads on Yarrow braes	140
Bright ran thy line, O Galloway	315
But lately seen in gladsome green	182
But rarely seen since Nature's birth	330
But warily tent when you come to court me	156
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove	155
By love, and by beauty, by law, and by duty	83
By Oughtertyre grows the aik	46
By yon Castle wa' at the close of the day	95
Ca' the yowes to the knowes	84, 176
Can I cease to care	207
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie	188
Carle, an the king come	81
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west	57

	PAGE
Cauld is the e'enin blast	193
Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing	268
Clarinda, mistress of my soul	51
Come, bumpers high, express your joy	105
Come, let me take thee to my breast	158
Contentëd wi' little, and cantie wi' mair	187
Corn rigs and barley rigs	15
Craigdarroch, famed for speaking art	298
Crochallan came	282
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life	292
Curse on ungrateful man that can be pleas'd	235
Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice	263
Dear Peter, dear Peter	290
Dear Sir, at ony time or tide	284
Deluded swain, the pleasure	162
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	205
Dost thou not rise, indignant shade	311
Duncan Gray cam here to woo	136
Envy, if thy jaundiced Eye	280
Fairest maid on Devon banks	223
Fair Empress of the poet's soul	278
Fair maid, you need not take the hint	269
Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame	111
Farewell, dear friend, may gude luck hit you	258
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains,	255
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies	115
Farewell, thou stream, that winding flows	187
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North	92
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong	54
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped	65
Fill me with the rosy wine	329
First when Maggie was my care	82
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes	71
For a' that, and a' that	25
For auld langsyne, my dear	69
For O her lanely nights are lang	179
For shame! Let Folly and Knavery	268
For thee is laughing Nature gay	51
Forlorn, my love, no comfort near	210

	PAGE
Fourteen, a sonnetteer thy praises sings	292
Frae the friends and land I love	111
Friday first's the day appointed	253
From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested	324
From thee, Eliza, I must go	31
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear	223
Gane is the day, and mirk's the night	94
Gat ye me, O gat ye me	200
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine	70
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care	51
Gracie, thou art a man of worth	328
Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live	313
Green grow the rashes, O	19
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore	154
Had I the wyte, had I the wyte	204
Hark, the mavis' e'ening sang	176
He clenched his pamphlets in his fist	262
He who of Rankine sang	331
Health to the Maxwell's veteran chief	308
Hee, balou, my sweet wee Donald	171
Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad	59
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing	24
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie	142
Here Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct	327
Here is the glen, and here the bower	169
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies	326
Here lies Boghead amang the dead	238
Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles are shamm'd	326
Here lies in earth an imp of hell	325
Here lies John Bushby, honest man	323
Here lies Johnie Pigeon	242
Here lie Willie Michie's banes	269
Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect	321
Here Souter Hood in death does sleep	237
Here Stuarts once in glory reign'd	272
Here where the Scottish Muse immortal lives	318
Here's a bottle, and an honest friend	40
Here's a health to ane I loe dear	221
Here's a health to them that's awa	138

	PAGE
Here's to thy health, my bonie lass	4
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro'	41
Hey, the dusty miller, and his dusty coat	57
His face with smile eternal drest	280
How can my poor heart be glad	174
How cold is that bosom which folly once fired	320
How cruel are the parents	207
How daur ye ca' me 'howlet face'	308
How lang and dreary is the night	179
How, Liberty! girl, can it be by thee named	324
How long and dreary is the night	57
How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon	47
Husband, husband, cease your strife	164
I am a keeper of the law	241
I am my mammy's ae bairn	52
I bought my wife a stane o' lint	119
I call no goddess to inspire my strains	287
I coft a stane o' haslock woo	199
I do confess thou art sae fair	119
I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing	4
I fee'd a man at Michaelmas	127
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen	85
I gaed up to Dunse	71
I had sax owsen in a pleugh	195
I hae a wife o' my ain	64
I hae been at Crookieden	113
I hold it, sir, my bounden duty	251
I'll aye ca' in by yon town	197
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young	52
I murder hate by flood or field	290
I never saw a fairer	134
I rede you, beware at the hunting	38
I rue the day I sought her, O	79
I see a form, I see a face	214
If thou should ask my love	76
If ye gae up to yon hill-tap	227
If you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue	319
Ilk care and fear when thou art near	9
Ill-fated genius, Heav'n-taught Fergusson	301
In coming by the brig o' Dye	44

	PAGE
In honest Bacon's ingle-neuk	307
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles	241
In Politics if thou would mix	291
In se'enteen hunder and forty-nine	326
In simmer when the hay was mawn	129
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men	228
In vain would Prudence with decorous sneer	323
In wood and wild, ye warbling throng	315
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast	313
Is there for honest poverty	191
Is this thy plighted fond regard	189
It is na, Jean, thy bonie face	68
It was a' for our rightfu' King	173
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral	126
It was the charming month of May	183
It was upon a Lammas night	15
Jamie, come try me	76
Jockey's taen the parting kiss	219
John Anderson, my jo, John	78
Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief	324
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose	293
Kind sir, I've read your paper through	288
Know thou, O stranger to the fame	253
Lady Onlie, honest lucky	44
Lament him, Mauchline husbands a'	242
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks	184
Last May, a braw wooer cam down the lang glen	212
Let love sparkle in her e'e	132
Let not woman e'er complain	180
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize	301
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast	322
Long, long the night	207
Lord, to account who dares thee call	313
Lord, (Thee) we thank, and Thee adore	291
Loud blaw the frosty breezes	49
Louis, what reck I by thee	68
Lovely was she by the dawn	183
Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	218

	PAGE
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion	208
Maxwell, if here you merit crave	323
Meet me on the warlock knowe	158
Mild Zephyrs waft thee to Life's furthest shore	264
Musing on the roaring ocean	59
My blessings on ye, honest wife	263
My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie	38
My Chloris, mark how green the groves	182
My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border	13
My godlike friend—nay, do not stare	278
My Harry was a gallant gay	86
My heart is sair, I daurna tell	190
My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie	79
My heart is wae, and unco wae	45
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here	92
My heart was ance as blythe and free	53
My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't	39
My lord a-hunting he is gane	39
My love, she's but a lassie yet	79
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form	49
My Sandy gied to me a ring	77
Myra, the captive ribband's mine	91
Nae gentle dames tho' ne'er sae fair	29
Nae heathen name shall I prefix	271
No churchman am I for to rail or to write	12
No cold approach, no altered mien	132
No more of your guests be they titled or not	327
No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more	321
No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay	263
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city	294
No Stewart art thou, Galloway	315
Now haply down yon gay green shaw	198
Now honest William's gane to Heaven	276
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays	189
Now Kennedy, if foot or horse	248
Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea	184
Now Robin lies in his last lair	242
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers	158
Now simmer blinks on flowery braes	41
Now Spring has clad the grove in green	215
Now westlin win's and slaughtering guns	16

	PAGE
O aye my wife she dang me	194
O bonie was yon rosy brier	214
O cam ye here the fight to shun	86
O can ye labour lea, young man	127
O could I give thee India's wealth	285
O Death! hadst thou but spar'd his life	239
O for him back again!	86
O gude ale comes and gude ale goes	195
O had each Scot of ancient times	269
O had the malt thy strength of mind	327
O how can I be blythe and glad	61
O how shall I unskilfu' try	100
O I am come to the low countrie	172
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten	144
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie	114
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa'	123
O lassie are ye sleepin' yet	196
O lay thy loof in mine, lass	221
O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles	20
O leeze me on my spinning wheel	130
O let me in this ae night	196
O Logan, sweetly did'st thou glide	150
O Lord, since we have feasted thus	292
O Lord, when hunger pinches sore	291
O lovely Polly Stewart	105
O Luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen	102
O Mary at thy window be	10
O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet	115
O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty	108
O merry hae I been teethin' a heckle	92
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour	141
O mount and go! mount and make you ready	78
O my luve is like a red, red rose	167
O once I lov'd a bonie lass	1
O open the door, some pity to shew	143
O Philly, happy be the day	185
O poortith cauld, and restless love	139
O raging Fortune's withering blast	11
O rattlin, roarin Willie	36
O sad and heavy should I part	118

	PAGE
O saw ye bonie Lesley	132
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?	107
O saw ye my dear, my Philly?	179
O sing a new song to the Lord	285
O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay	206
O steer her up, and haud her gaun	195
O that I had ne'er been married!	218
O that's the lassie o' my heart	216
O Thou dread Power who reign'st above	260
O Thou in whom we live and move	287
O Thou great Being! what Thou art	231
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend	233
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause	234
O Thou who kindly dost provide	287
O thou whom poesy abhors	268
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day	2
O wat ye wha's in yon toun?	198
O wat ye wha that loes me?	217
O were I on Parnassus hill	66
O were my love yon lilac fair	151
O were thou, love, but near me	211
O wert thou in the cauld blast	222
O wha my baby-clouts will buy	26
O whar gat ye that hauver-meal bannock	37
O whare live ye, my bonie lass	121
O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law	120
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	155
O why should fate sic pleasure have!	139
O why the deuce should I repine	236
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut	83
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar	77
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains	238
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw	63
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace	237
Of lordly acquaintance you boast	308
Old winter with his frosty beard	316
On a bank of flowers, in a summer day	74
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells	7
On peace and rest my mind was bent	194
On the seas and far away	174
Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear	258

	PAGE
One night as I did wander	21
One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell	239
Our thrissels flourished fresh and fair	89
Out over the Forth, I look to the north	96
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare	296
'Praise Woman still,' his Lordship roars	319
Rash mortal, and slanderous poet	273
Raving winds around her blowing	56
Right, sir, your text I'll prove it true	256
Robin was a rovin boy	21
Robin shure in hairst	71
Rusticity's ungainly form	261
Sad thy tale, thou idle page	270
Sae flaxen were her ringlets	177
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly	54
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth	330
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	159
Searching auld wives' barrels	288
Sensibility, how charming	95
She is a winsome wee thing	134
She's fair and fause that causes my smart	72
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	69
Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave	320
Sing on, sweet thrush upon the leafless bough	312
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card	250
Sir, yours this moment I unseal	248
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature	181
Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway	315
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me	55
Still anxious to secure your partial favour	317
'Stop thief?' Dame Nature called to Death	322
Streams that glide in orient plains	43
Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon	96
Sweet closes the ev'ning on Craigieburn wood	99
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn	192
Sweet flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love	299
Sweet naiveté of feature	311
Talk not of love, it gives me pain	50
Talk not to me of savages	330
That hackney'd judge of human life	292
That there is falsehood in his looks	325

PAGE
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout . . 128
The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw . . 60
The bonie lass made the bed to me . . . 202
The cardin o't, the spinnin o't . . . 200
The Catrine woods were yellow seen . . 24
The Cooper o' Cuddy cam here awa . . 201
The crimson blossom charms the bee . . 264
The day returns, my bosom burns . . . 66
The deil cam fiddlin thro' the toun . . 128
The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying . 294
The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's . . 105
The friend whom wild from Wisdom's way . 319
The gloomy night is gath'rin fast . . . 34
The greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast . . 291
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn 38
The king's most humble servant, I . . 291
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John . . 59
The last time I came o'er the moor . . 148
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill 67
The lovely lass o' Inverness 169
The man, in life wherever placed . . . 232
The night was still, and o'er the hill . . 33
The noble Maxwells and their power . . 110
The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps . 252
The simple bard unbroke by rules of art . 257
The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning 62
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing . . 110
The solemn league and covenant . . . 326
The sun he is sunk in the west . . . 4
The Thames flows proudly to the sea . . 76
The wean wants a cradle 217
The weary pund, the weary pund . . . 119
The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last 61
The wintry west extends his blast. . . 230
Their groves o' sweet myrtle, let foreign lands reckon 210
Then, gudewife, count the lawin . . . 94
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher . . . 120

	PAGE
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary . . .	45
There lived a carle in Kellyburn Braes . .	124
There's a youth in the city, it were a great pity	81
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen	135
There's death in the cup, so beware . .	327
There's nane shall ken, there's nane can guess	198
There's news, lassies, news, gude news I've to tell	217
There's nought but care on every hand . .	19
There was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass	193
There was a lad was born in Kyle . . .	21
There was a lass and she was fair . . .	152
There was a lass they ca'd her Meg . .	58
There was a wife won'd in Cockpen . .	194
They snool me sair, an' haud me down . .	108
Thickest night, surround my dwelling . .	42
Thine am I, my faithful Fair	163
Thine be the volumes, Jessie fair . . .	330
This day Time winds th' exhausted chain .	302
This is no my ain lassie.	213
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind .	247
Thou, fool, in thy phaeton towering . .	324
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie . . .	162
Thou, Liberty, thou art my theme . .	304
Thou of an independent mind	328
Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign .	282
Thou, who thy honor as thy God rever'st .	300
Thou whom Chance may hither lead . .	279
Tho' cruel Fate should bid us part . . .	63
Though fickle Fortune has deceived me. .	11
Tho' women's minds, like winter winds .	25
Thro' and thro' the inspirèd leaves . .	268
'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend	329
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids . .	53
To daunton me, to daunton me . . .	60
To Riddell, much lamented man . . .	328
To you, Sir, this summons I've sent . .	253
True-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow	144
Turn again, thou fair Eliza	108
'Twas even, the dewy fields were green . .	32

	PAGE
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin	209
'Twas on a Monday morning	170
Up in the morning's no for me	57
Up wi' the carles o' Dysart	40
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e	190
Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf	258
We are na fou, we're nae that fou	83
We cam na here to view your warks	272
We grant they're thine, those beauties all	325
We'll hide the cooper behint the door	201
Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet	193
Wha in a brulyie will first cry a parley	171
Wha is that at my bower door?	105
Whare are ye gaun, my bonie lass?	90
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?	89
What dost thou in that mansion fair	315
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?	102
What man could esteem or what woman could love	290
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on	296
What will I do gin my hoggie die?	55
When by a generous public's kind acclaim	266
When dear Clarinda, matchless fair	276
When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er	275
When eighty-five was seven months auld	243
When first I came to Stewart Kyle	21
When first my brave Johnie lad cam to the toun	106
When Januar' wind was blawing cauld	201
When Lascelles thought fit from this world to depart	322
When Morine deceased to the devil went down	316
When o'er the hill the e'ening star	133
When rosy May comes in wi' flowers	73
When the drums do beat	78
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn	146
Where are the joys I hae met in the morning!	162
Where, braving angry winter's storms	48
Where Cart rins rowin to the sea	104
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things	309
While larks, with little wing, fann'd the pure air	153

While virgin Spring by Eden's flood . . 306
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here . . . 270
Whoe'er thou art, O reader know . . . 252
Whose is that noble dauntless brow . . 265
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene . 234
Why, why tell the lover 211
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride . . 259
Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed . . . 122
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary . . 28
Wilt thou be my dearie 165
Wishfully I look and languish . . . 100
With Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel . 272
With Pegasus upon a day 281
Within the glen sae bushy, O . . . 29
Ye banks and braes and streams around . . 134
Ye banks and braes o' Bonie Doon . . . 98
Ye flowery banks o' Bonie Doon . . . 97
Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right . . . 73
Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks . . 323
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear . . . 112
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain . . . 268
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering 314
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie . 35
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine 93
Yestreen I met you on the moor . . . 2
Ye true Loyal Natives attend to my song . 313
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide 35
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain . . 168
Young Jockie was the blythest lad . . . 75
Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass . . 23
Your billet, sir, I grant receipt . . . 269
Your friendship much can make me blest . 50
Your News and Review, Sir 284
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier . . 148
You're welcome, Willie Stewart . . . 104

This issue of the "Poems and Songs of Robert Burns" *has been edited by* Mr W. A. Craigie, M.A. St Andrews, B.A. Oriel College, Oxford, *a member of the editorial staff of the* "Oxford New English Dictionary," *author of* "A Primer of Burns," &c.

Mr Craigie *has revised the text, and added the Marginalia, the Notes, and Glossaries.*

The pieces in each group are arranged in the order of composition, so far as this has been made out.

I. G.

November 15th, 1898.

W9-CDU-460